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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 825. TRANSMISSION BY BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 10, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. ONE PENNY.

Why Peers Marry Actresses.

THE BEAUTIFUL "GIBSON GIRL," MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD, GIVES SOME REASONS.

[The marriage of Miss Eva Carrington, one of the Vaudeville's bright particular stars, to Lord de Clifford, and that of the charming American actress, Miss Frances Belmont, to Lord Ashburton, constitutes quite a little boom in weddings of actresses with peers. We have, then, asked Miss Camille Clifford to explain the fascination of actresses, which she does in a most delightful way.]

To ask me why actresses marry peers is to set me about the worst conundrum that I ever had to wrestle with. And I fear that I cannot find an adequate solution to the thrilling problem, though I can hazard several guesses.

To be quite learned and business-like, I will first of all indulge in the process which is known as "clearing the ground." This I will do by combating the assertion which is sometimes made that actresses are more beautiful and fascinating than the general run of women. I don't think this is so. Of course actresses have to be good looking, because beauty is required of them; but I have met just as many beautiful and charming women in society as I have come across on the stage.

No, this is not the reason, part of which may be explained by saying that actresses as a rule have advantages for looking pleasing and appearing nice that other women do not get; and so the impression they convey is that they are uncommonly charming. And it is the first impression that very often lasts.

AN EXAGGERATED IDEA.

It is only fair to other women to remember that the actress nearly always looks her best on the stage, and she is always provided with surroundings that suit her, and, in the case of well-known ones, some of the cleverest brains in London are always planning and arranging that she shall show to the best advantage.

The background against which they are seen on the stage is always pretty; they are dressed in gowns that do not fall to the lot of most women, and all kinds of arts are called in to make the most of each one's good points.

Again, they are seen in situations in the like of which the average woman is never called to play a part. They are beheld as conquering queens, or sweet, wistful little persons, whose manner and tones would melt the heart of any man. Again, they are often provided by playwrights with brilliant conversational powers, which they do not possess in ordinary life, and their voices and their actions are so schooled as to play on every emotion.

And so the man looking at an actress from the stalls very likely gets an exaggerated idea of his particular divinity's physical and mental characteristics.

Yet the impression is probably not very much exaggerated, because, if an actress is going to captivate when she is on the stage, she must have a nature which makes her bright, intelligent, and pleasing in private life. It is almost impossible that a girl who appears bright and pretty behind the footlights is altogether dull and uninteresting, even when her stage settings are no longer there to lend her assistance.

PEERS CAN AFFORD TO BE ROMANTIC.

But, as I have said before, the first impression counts for much, and the man who has been smitten as he sat in the stalls usually does his best to secure an introduction afterwards. He may be disillusioned or he may not. If he is disillusioned, what does it matter? On the other hand, what right has anybody to object to a first favourable impression, supported by second thoughts, leading to the altar?

Another point which may well be considered is the increasing unconventionality of the modern young man. This is an unconventionality which extends to peers. It is not everyone who can go abroad to have adventures, and so there are many who seek romance at home. For romance is not dead, and the peers who delight the public fancy by marrying actresses are in the main looked upon kindly as affording a little tinge of romance to a very prosaic age.

There is nobody, indeed, to whom romance is quite a dead letter, and, as a rule, peers can better afford to be romantic than other people. And, after all, it is really much more romantic for a peer to fall

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in love with an actress across the footlights and afterwards marry her than it is to indulge in courtship and matrimony along the usual lines.

If a man meets a girl in the ordinary social way, the course of true love may, of course, not run smooth; but it does not bristle with the difficulties that beset

the path of a man, even though a peer, who falls in love with an actress.

First of all, there is the trouble of getting an introduction. This may be an extremely difficult matter, and may occupy all a man's time and ingenuity for weeks to secure. Then there is the first meeting, at which both parties are conscious of the fact that it has been brought about, not in the ordinary course of events, but as a result of the express wish of the man. It is a meeting which is probably somewhat romantically awkward for both.

Then there is the difficulty of further meetings, for the actress's time is not her own. In the evenings during the hours usually given up to social intercourse she is hard at work earning her living, and, therefore, it is impossible for her admirer to be with her then.

THINGS THAT IMPRESS MEN.

To him one of two courses is open; either he can spend his time by himself, in which case he probably finds that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," or he will haunt a particular seat at the theatre, in which case he probably finds his divinity growing more and more charming.

And his admiration probably grows, and his affection probably increases, because the actress is in private life usually a capital companion. The fact that she has to earn her own living frees her from some of the minor restraints to which other girls are subject, and her mode of life generally teaches her a certain cheerful philosophy.

From her experiences when on tour she usually learns to meet difficulties with a smile, and gets accustomed to knocking about and taking things as she finds them. Again, owing to the fact that she has to be quick in dressing, she can probably put on her hat and out-door things more quickly than any other kind of woman. And it is surprising what a tremendously favourable impression this wonderful fact makes upon a number of men.

A GOOD TRAINING FOR A PEERLESS.

Again, I think one may say that, as a rule, the actress's powers of conversation are above the average. She sees more of the world than most women, and the necessity of grasping situations teaches her to have intelligent ideas on most things, and to come to quick decisions. Moreover, her art gives her little inflections in her voice, and little gestures, which are by no means affectation, and are really most attractive.

I suppose that it would be impossible to conceive a more popular idea for the plot of a novelette than to make some peer marry an actress. But when the event does actually take place, the poor actress usually has a hard time at the hands of the critics. A great number of people whom it does not concern in the least usually write to the papers about the degeneracy of the British aristocracy, the vulgarisation of the peerage, and so on.

Yet, as a matter of fact, a good actress ought to make a good peeress. Her schooling on the boards will enable her to carry herself well in any society, and the tact which all actresses who are successful must possess should enable her to smooth over many difficulties.

All things considered, indeed, though I do not want the peerage to marry actresses wholesale, I don't see why a peer should not marry an actress if he wants to. In all cases which I can think of the match seems to have turned out very well.

Camille Clifford

"Ouz hero tore up the street!" the novel began. "Ah, a fast sprinter," the reader thought. Later, however, it developed that he was merely a contractor.

JOHNS (who has jumped off tramcar, which is now out of sight): "I say, did you see a hat that was knocked off the top of that tram?"

"Yes; I threw it back to the driver."
"Great Scott! I've just jumped off after it!"

THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE.

Is he Clean-Shaven or has he Side-Whiskers?

ARE THERE TWO SUCH MEN, OR DOES ONE DISGUISE HIMSELF?

Copies Sold for Silver in Norwich, Hastings, and Stamford.

THE mystery which surrounds the individual now known to fame as "The Mysterious Millionaire" deepens with every letter I receive. In the early stages of this copy-buying mania, it was taken for granted that only one man was afflicted in this way; but from the letters received this week (and which I publish below) it will be seen that the descriptions given of his personal appearance differ widely. Can it be there is more than one Mysterious Millionaire? Or is it that this man is a quick-change artist, and alters his appearance in every place he visits? This mystery I would like to solve, but to do this is impossible without the aid of my readers.

If, therefore, you come across him and he purchases from you a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* at a greatly enhanced value, I should be glad if you would let me know, and send me at the same time a description of his personal appearance. I should also be glad to have details as to the exact time and place where the purchase occurred.

During the week just ended, I have received three letters from readers who have exchanged copies of *P.W.* for sums of 5s. and another gold bangle. Here are the letters:

The Limes, Connaught Road, Norwich.
DEAR SIR,—On Saturday, the 21st, I got into a carriage at Halesworth railway station, in one corner of which a gentleman was seated. On the train starting I pulled out the current number of *Pearson's Weekly*. He immediately turned towards me, and said, "I will give you 5s. for the paper you hold in your hand." I replied, "Are you trying to fool me, or are you a fool to offer 5s. for what you can buy for a penny?" He replied, "I have offered you 5s. Will you accept?" I said "Certainly," and handed him the paper. He gave me a 5s. piece in return.

I then ventured to ask him what object he had in doing so. He simply shook his head, but did not reply. I left the train at Beccles, he evidently going on to Lowestoft.

He was a middle-aged gentleman, well dressed, well built, about 5ft. 7in., clean-shaven, plump, round face, bright, expressive eyes, with a good crop of brown hair. If I should ever meet him again I will soon bring under his notice *Pearson's Weekly*.—Yours faithfully, J. SMITH.

P.S.—He is the very image of that celebrated barrister Ernest Wild, who defended Gardiner in the Peasehall case.

11 Ironmonger Street, Stamford.
DEAR SIR,—I travelled home from Peterborough one Friday evening, and got into a carriage in which there were two ladies and a gentleman. On taking my seat, I pulled out the *P.W.* I had purchased in the city, and read it till the train neared Easingwold, where I had to change.

On preparing to fold up my paper, the gentleman asked if he might look at it, and I handed it to him. After hastily glancing at a page or two, he called the attention of one of the ladies to something contained therein, and they both had a hearty laugh. Turning to me, he asked if he might keep the paper. I replied, "Yes; I can easily get another."

Putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, he pulled out a five-shilling piece, and offered it to me, with the remark "I hope that will make us quits." I said I did not wish anything of the kind, and I could not think of accepting it. He replied that I had very much obliged him, and that he was quite willing to pay for it, and added that if I did not care to keep it, I might "put it in the baby's money-box." As he was so pressing, and evidently so much in earnest, I accepted the coin, and left him and his companions to continue their journey northwards.

I should describe him as an apparently well-to-do individual, about fifty-five years of age, 5ft. 6in. in height, fairly stout, with greyish moustache and small mutton-chop whiskers.

I can form no idea as to why he should have been so lavish with his money.—Yours faithfully, F. EVANS.

4 Cardiff Road, Newport, Mon.

Respecting the "Mysterious Millionaire."

MR DEAR MR EDITOR,—This gentleman is not half as anxious to secure a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* as I am. He only gives 5s. a copy, whereas I will give 25 to regain possession of the copy he purchased from my daughter at Hastings this Easter.

I had used the margin space of your "Nuts to Crack" column to complete a complicated programme for a series of concerts I am arranging, and had just finished fitting all artists to my satisfaction when my daughter asked for the loan of the paper. Leaving me in conversation with my London representative, she walked along the promenade reading *P.W.*, when a courteous old gentleman asked her pardon for the liberty, but would she oblige him by selling the copy she was reading. Somewhat taken aback, she complied, and was hugely surprised to find the gentleman insist upon her accepting a very pretty bangle in exchange.

Now I am no tenderfoot, and tumble at once to your very clever advertising dodge, and sincerely congratulate you upon your originality; but as I can't for the life of me reproduce that programme, try as I will, and I therefore will send 25 to your F.A.F. in return for the copy. The heading is in long hand, and reads "Scots Guards' Band at Newport, Nov., '06." All the rest is in shorthand, and of no interest to anyone save myself.—Yours truly, IRON M. JOHNS.

As I must confess that I am absolutely ignorant of the identity of the individual or individuals who have bought from these readers copies of the paper, I cannot, unhappily, benefit the FRESH AIR FUND by returning Mr. Johns his copy. If the Mysterious Millionaire reads this, perhaps he will oblige.

If you do sell your copy of *Pearson's Weekly* for a piece of silver or gold, I should like you to communicate with me without delay, and in return for your trouble I shall be pleased to send you a little pencil-case.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE?

OUR COMPLETE STORY.

His Only Lapse

By BARRY SHEIL.



"You see, Mr. Reade, this is really the servants' night, but we always invite a few of our own friends, too. Then we dance here until twelve o'clock, and after twelve father makes it a rule that we 'aristocrats' must go upstairs and leave the others to enjoy it better by themselves."

"A very thoughtful arrangement, I am sure, Miss Croylan," replied the young man, "and one which I should imagine is duly appreciated. But—excuse me—who is that lady over there in pale blue, dancing with the stout, red-faced gentleman?"

Miss Croylan laughed slightly. "The stout gentleman is the Mayor of Barcombe," she said, "and the girl my dearest school-friend, Miss Ida St. Moyes. Awfully pretty hair she has, don't you think?"

Now the hair in question happened to be a flaming, unquestionable red, but, under the circumstances, Reade felt constrained to trifle with the truth. In point of fact, the girl attracted him oddly, and every time her great eyes were turned upon him a queer thrill went through him, accompanied by a vague feeling that he had seen her somewhere before.

"Yes," he said in answer to his hostess' query: "I don't recollect having seen quite that particular shade of hair before. It suits her complexion admirably."

"Shall I introduce you?"

Now, although fascinated in a certain way, Reade had no particular desire for an introduction. There was, as a matter of fact, a certain winsome scrap of femininity answering to the name of Nora who had to be considered. Owing to circumstances over which neither of them had any control, he had been obliged to set out on his holiday without her, though it was just possible she might join him later on; and, to do him justice, she was very much in his thoughts at all times. All the same, he felt he could not go far wrong in accepting the proffered introduction, and accordingly a few minutes later he was dancing with the red-haired girl.

From the first his feelings were of a mixed character. There was an indescribable something about the girl which rendered her very attractive in his eyes and kept him constantly at her side, and again and again as she talked the odd feeling returned to him that he had met and known her somewhere before. But soon he did not even think of that; the fact that he knew and might talk to her in the present was sufficient enjoyment for the time being.

The hours flew swiftly by. He had danced with her the whole evening, had scarcely left her side. Twelve o'clock came, and they were in the garden. Although it was mid-January, the weather was decidedly warm, and not a breath of wind stirred the rose-leaves, which brushed against their shoulders as they passed, side by side, along the narrow path. The full moon, riding high in the heavens, shed a pale light over the scene.

"There are no roses now," she said softly; "only leaves."

"Why, yes," he exclaimed, "there is one—a yellow one! Let me get it for you."

When, a moment later, he handed it to her, she thanked him prettily and inserted it in the bosom of her dress.

"Do you know," she said laughingly, "the roses I love are red roses; but I can never wear them."

She pointed to her hair, and he understood.

"It is a great misfortune," she went on.

"On the contrary, it is a blessing," he hastened to assure her. "Red—I mean, the colour of your hair—is just my favourite colour, and I think it is very beautiful. And I also think a blue muslin gown the prettiest in all the world when a certain person wears it."

"Flatterer," she said, smiling up at him. Then, on a new note: "But men are all alike; they have no constancy, no stability. There is no such thing as the one woman—the only love. Their fancies are as many as there are months in the year. I have no patience with them. Come, I am getting chilled. Let us go indoors."

He caught her hand as she turned, and his mouth opened to speak. Then simultaneously with the sound of approaching footsteps the thought of that other one who trusted in came through, and he dropped the hand. Next moment voices had succeeded the footsteps, and they were not alone.

Reade spent the remainder of his holiday far away from Barcombe and the Croylans—to whom he had merely been introduced in a casual sort of way by a friend. At first his thoughts were full of the red-haired girl, and several times he was on the point of going back there on the off-chance of meeting her. But as the last day of his holiday drew near he began to realize that the girl whom he really wanted most to see was not red-haired at all, and when at last he took the train back to town he knew that the other had been only a passing fancy, and told himself that he had been led on by a bold, designing girl, and that, after all, he cared for Nora only.

He had written to her the day before, so he knew she would be expecting him, and, after ridding himself of some of the journey's grime, he set out for a certain house in a certain suburb which in the past had known him well.

When he was shown into the pretty drawing-room, Nora, looking sweetness itself in a white muslin dress that he had particularly admired, was sitting there alone. His immediate expectations included a rush of skirts, a glad welcoming cry, two soft arms clinging about his neck, and—But what was this? Nora had risen, and was

holding out her hand with a cold, formal sort of smile, which somehow didn't seem to fit her face, and when he kissed her, as was his wont, she did not attempt to return the caress, but rather seemed to shrink from his touch.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked anxiously.

"Aren't you pleased to see me? You have dressed on purpose for me, I know, and yet—"

She drew herself up stiffly.

"In white, Mr. Reade? I thought the colour you particularly admired was pale blue?"

Now pale blue certainly had its associations, and the remark disconcerted him somewhat.

"Why do you say that, dear? You know I have always preferred you in white."

"Perhaps my memory is failing me, then; but I was certainly under the impression that last time you told me it was blue."

An unreasonable hatred of the red-haired girl surged up within him, simply and solely on account of her association in his mind with that particular colour. He glanced at Nora's face, with its halo of beautiful fair hair, and sighed. The sunlight streaming in from a side window fell upon its undulations and lit therein a hundred thousand little glittering fires. What a chump he had been, to be sure! How could he ever have fancied red?

"But, after all," she went on coolly, "red is your favourite colour, isn't it?—especially red hair. I wonder how you can bear to look at my ugly, straw-coloured mop!"

He almost reeled with his astonishment.

"Red? I hate red!" he cried vehemently. "I detest it!"

"And so your fancy for colours changes as quickly as your fancy for women?" she retorted with telling emphasis. "Then I was right. Men are all alike—absolutely unreliable. There is no such thing as the one woman—the only love. I have no patience with them—none!"

Saying which, with the angry colour rising and deepening in her fair cheeks, she rushed out of the room and banged the door.

Reade was amazed—dumfounded; and, suddenly remembering where he had heard almost the same words before, his hatred of the red-haired girl became positively murderous in its intensity.

Then all at once his mood changed, and, dropping into a chair, he buried his face in his hands. Slowly it came to him that all was over now between Nora and himself, and when he had properly realized that ghastly truth he began to wonder in a vague sort of way why he was still in the drawing-room. He had certainly no right there now!

He got up slowly and looked around him at the old, familiar objects. They were one and all quite ordinary—nothing in the least out of the common or valuable; but the thought that he might never see them again transformed them into veritable treasures for the time being. Finally, giving utterance to something between an imprecation and a groan, he strode to the door and opened it.

On the threshold stood—the red-haired girl!

Reade staggered back, gasping for breath. Was he mad? Was the whole thing a horrible dream? He clutched at the back of a chair for support.

The girl was wearing the same half-evening dress of pale blue muslin, and fastened among the laces at her bosom was a withered yellow rose.

"How do you do, Mr. Reade?" she said coolly, coming forward with outstretched hand. "Of course, you remember me?"

But by this time he had recovered to some extent his ordinary equanimity of mind. Shocks seemed to be the order of the day, and he was gradually becoming inured to them.

"Yes," he replied with almost equal coolness, "I do; but, if I may be permitted to say so, it is a memory from which I derive no particular pleasure. Er—good-afternoon."

It was a rude speech, even taking into consideration the fact that he was extremely upset; but, to his further bewilderment, the girl, instead of taking offence, burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

"Why, Fred, Fred! Don't you know me?"

In a trice the wig was on the floor and a face—comely enough, but not at all suited as to complexion to the crown of rippling fair hair above it—was tilted upward to his own.

"Nora!" he nearly shrieked, springing forward and folding her in his arms. "Oh! my darling, my darling!"

Half an hour later they were still monopolising the drawing-room, but the muslin gown and the red wig were nowhere to be seen.

"Didn't I make up my cheeks and eyebrows beautifully, Fred?" she asked. "And don't you think I should make a splendid actress? Miss Croylan, as I think I told you, was an old school-chum of mine, and we made it up between us."

"For fun?"

"Yes—that is, I thought it would be fun, but it wasn't altogether."

"Can you ever trust me again, do you think?"

His tone was almost tragic. She sank her chin into her hands in a delicious little pose indicative of cogitation.

"I wonder now if I'd better!" she queried. "A little more, and you'd certainly have proposed to me as the red-haired girl, and then—then you would have been engaged to two—no—yes, to two girls."

"I don't see how that could be if you and the red-haired girl are one, but I think you may safely trust me in the future, for you must admit the circumstances were exceptional."

"How so, pray?"

"Well," he said, "I know the modern maiden has acquired a reputation for husband-stalking, but I should hope there are not many who would throw themselves at a fellow's head in the shameless way that red-haired girl—"

A soft hand closed suddenly over his mouth.

"If you say another word, Fred, I'll never forgive you!" She looked as if she meant it, too, and naturally he wasn't going to incur any risks of that sort, so he let it go at that.

FOR CONVENIENCE SAKE.

THERE was no help for it. Mr. Sinclair had to change trains; but when he found that the place at which he would have to make this change was a roadside station which was just far enough from the village not to allow of him walking in and obtaining refreshment, of which he was sorely in need, he was angry in the extreme, and at no great pains to hide the fact.

"Great Scott, man!" he said to the solitary stolid porter on duty, "what on earth made them build the station so far from the village?"

"Dunno, mister," said the porter gravely, "unless, perhaps, it was because they thought it would be more convenient to have it down here near the railway."

PORT: "All I need is an opening, sir."

EDITOR: "What's the matter with the one you came in by?"

DREAMY DICK: "They say that fortune knocks worst at every feller's door."

FLODDING PETER: "Hush! That ain't much consolation for us tramps what ain't got no doors."

MITCHETT: "Young McSeeley, who went through the fortune his parents left him, was arrested to-day for stealing a sovereign."

GAUSS: "What a come down! His father never thought of taking less than ten thousand."

RURAL WICKEDNESS.

THE motor-car had reached a nice level stretch of road, and the man in the goggles was preparing for a scorch when an honest-eyed old farmer stepped from the hillside and held up his hand. "Reckon you was jes' goin' to slip along tidy fast!" he observed when the car came to a standstill.

The motorist gave no denial to the statement.

"What made you ask?" he inquired.

The farmer produced a pair of battered field-glasses. "Clap your eyes to these 'ere," he remarked, "and look up that there tree along the road. Happen you'll change your mind."

"Great Scott! A police trap," exclaimed the motorist, as he discerned a blue-trousered figure perched on a branch. "Thanks, old friend," and the clink of coins was heard.

A minute later a motor-car was crawling past the tree at a six-miles-an-hour pace, while the farmer was counting his wealth and smiling.

"That idea of carting the scarecrow from the pea-field an' fixing it into the tree," he chuckled, "worn't so bad."

"Where's that umbrella I lent you yesterday?"

"Jones Borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says the owner has been asking him for it."

HE: "Do you think you could love me in a cottage?"

SHE: "Possibly not; but I might be able to put up with you till you could make money enough to buy a larger house."

FIRST FRENCH DUELLIST (to his opponent): "I beg to inform you, sir, that I intend to fire in the air."

SECOND FRENCH DUELLIST (in great terror): "Don't do that, for pity's sake! Don't do that! You're such a bad shot that you're sure to miss it and hit me."

PAID BY THE HOUR.

LAST winter the roof of a gentleman's house was so damaged by the snow and frost that he was obliged to send for workmen to repair it.

Two men and a boy came and set to work.

With such a force employed it was expected that the job would be completed in a day.

But three days passed, and still the two men and the boy kept making their appearance every morning. And yet they seemed to work hard, too, for the noise of hammering on the roof resounded through the house from morn till night.

At last the owner of the house determined to see for himself how things were proceeding. Accordingly, he crept up through the skylight.

A strange sight met his eyes. The two men were comfortably settled behind the chimney-stack smoking and playing cards, while one of them called out to the boy, who had a hammer in each hand:

"If you don't make more row than that, you young beggar, they'll think we're doing no work."

THE RAGGED HEROINE: "Woe is me! I am perishing from the cold."

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY: "Sweep up the snowstorm and make a bonfire."

"You horrid thing!" exclaimed the enraged wife. "I'll throw my shoe at you!"

"Oh, a little thing like that wouldn't hurt," he replied kindly. And then they made it up.



Pioneers in
the Great
Army of
Enterprise.

A Man Who Failed Twenty Times Retires
with a Fortune.

But His Failures are Strictly Honourable Affairs.

MEN have made money by deliberately doing something which has caused their enemies to remark, "I told you so! I always prophesied that that fellow would turn out a rank failure." Even their friends have mourned over their misfortunes. But they haven't minded. The balance at their bankers' has consoled them.

"I set up twenty shops, failed in all of them, and then, when everybody seemed to expect that I was bound to disappear into the workhouse, found that my share of the profits was enough to permit me to retire and live comfortably for the rest of my time."

This was the confession of a man who made his living—and a bit more—by being a nominal failure.

And he wasn't a fraudulent bankrupt or anything of that kind, either. On the contrary, he was an honest young man, and bright. He had very little capital. But he made up for that by having an idea.

It struck him that big firms with shops scattered about in all parts of the country would probably be glad to hear of new localities where they could establish paying branches.

SOLD HIS FAILURE.

"But I calculated that if I travelled about and looked up a place which was, say, pining for a new grocery shop, I should not stand much chance of getting more than a five pound note from a big company to whom I took the information," he used to say.

"So I worked out a better scheme. I hunted about until I found a small town which seemed to lack a particular kind of shop very badly. Then I set up there on my own account."

"Everybody familiar with the circumstances said I hadn't a ghost of a chance. I knew that I hadn't enough capital to carry on my new concern for six months. But I had enough to start and to prove there was an opening for such a business. Then I put the shutters up."

"It was the general opinion that I had come a smash. I didn't think it necessary to tell everybody that I had sold my failure to a wealthy company, who, in return for the chance of starting in a new and promising field, were willing to buy me out at a handsome increase on the sum I had sunk."

"I did the same thing again and again. I had to spend a deal of time in travelling in search of good openings, but I made up my mind to find them."

THE FASCINATION OF THE GAME.

"Had I kept any of the businesses I should have been in danger of being swamped by rich and powerful rivals, who would have shown me no mercy if I had defied them, but were always willing to treat me generously when I offered to clear out and leave them in possession of the new fields I had discovered."

Other such "failures" are at work in all sorts of enterprises. They are, in reality, pioneers, who go to "spy out the land" for others, and do all they can to get paid for it.

A man sets up a business, but he has only a few pounds as capital, and he knows that he cannot carry it on long enough to build it up into a real success. But if he can do enough to prove that ultimate success is possible, he stands a chance of disposing of his property to advantage. That is what makes the game fascinating.

A clerk in a London office conceived the notion that a new kind of restaurant was badly needed in a working-class quarter. He could not convince anyone of the fact, however, and had no capital to work out his idea properly on his own account.

But he had pluck and determination. His acquaintances said he was crazy when he threw up his berth and sold all his personal possessions—even down to his Sunday suit—to scrape together a few pounds.

A DEAL IN THEATRES.

It was a miserable, shabby little concern he set up, and he was soon compelled to close it. But he proved that if it wasn't wanted, something like it, only much better, was.

His experiment convinced a mammoth catering firm of the fact, and they were so struck by the ex-clerk's energy and enterprise that when he calmly applied for the management of the imposing establishment they erected on the site of his failure, they gave it to him at once.

The same thing happens in the theatrical world.

Years ago, when the land was not so fully occupied as it is now, a man spent his time in going about looking for suitable sites for new theatres.

He had just enough money to lease the best site in a likely town, and to run up a more or less showy, rickety temple of the drama thereon. If everything turned out well, he calculated on parting with his interests in the same to some purchaser richer than himself.

"It was rather an interesting game, but exciting—sometimes a bit too much so," he confided, when in a reminiscent mood. "I had to take my chances every time. If I hit on a good 'pitch' for a new theatre it was all right, and I was pretty sure to get my own back in the long run. But if I made a mistake, blue was a much too cheerful colour to typify my feelings."

"Once, I remember, I built a theatre in a Scottish town, and the people simply wouldn't come into it. It was a white elephant, and sucked me quite dry. I had to cut off literally without a penny, leaving the concern in the hands of the gas company's man and the rate-collector and others, who were all on the verge of a free fight for the wrecks of my hopes. It took me years to recover from that blow."

"In another town—near a colliery in Lancashire—I ran up a theatre, which threatened to prove another permanent frost. All the plays failed to draw, and, if it was a jolly hard task to count the money, that was because, oftener than not, there wasn't any to count. No purchaser seemed prepared to come to the scratch, and eventually I realised that I couldn't go on for a month longer unless something turned up. I had to attract the people somehow, or meet my Waterloo."

A MIDSUMMER PANTOMIME.

"It was July. I cudgelled my brains to find a novelty. Then I decided to put on—what do you think?—a Christmas pantomime. Most of the Christmas numbers come out in advance, and I saw no reason why I shouldn't follow their example. A winter show produced in the summer caught on as all my melodramas and pathetic domestic plays had failed to do. Audiences rolled in, and in the end I made the property look so desirable that I disposed of it at a good figure."

In some cases the "pioneer" is not working on his own account. A large firm desires, for example, to set up a new branch in a particular town, the capacities of which they are unable to gauge accurately. They are willing to risk money to make a trial, but they do not wish to give their rivals a chance to crow over them if a failure results.

So they finance a man to go to the town and start a new branch, which is ostensibly a private concern, run under his own name.

If it succeeds, they pretend to buy him out, giving him a very handsome reward for his trouble and good-luck.

If disaster ensues, however, they decline to confess to any connection with their agent, who, far from receiving any recompense for the time and trouble he has expended, is exceedingly fortunate if he escapes from the venture without heavy loss.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE F.A.F.

No. 1.—Dr. T. G. Macnamara, M.P., the Great Social Reformer.

THERE are two efforts which make me believe in Christianity. One is the effort which good folk make to find a meal for the wretched little scraps of humanity that fight misery, squalor, and destitution in the slums of the great cities. The second is the similarly beneficent attempt which other equally good folk make to give the little denizens of the back alleys and the gutters a day or so in the fairyland of sylvan glade or shingly beach. These are two of the most Christ-like and altruistic movements of our times. They seal my belief in my fellow creatures. As to what the latter scheme—the Fresh Air Fund—is able to accomplish, ask the teacher of any slum Board School. August comes, the school-doors are shut, and there is the dusty, smelly, greasy back street for the great bulk of the little ones, while you and I are basking on the sunburnt sands, listening as the ripple runs merrily along the keel, casting the brightly-hued red spinner under the alder bush, or plucking the heather from the breeze-blown upland. Your holiday, however hardly earned, is unworthily spent if you give no thought to the pathetic condition of those others. Share ever so little of your good fortune with them, and you touch your own enjoyment with the wand of divinely ineffable joy. To do this is to you so very little; it is to them so very much. A day at the seaside is a dream of fairyland for a year. A day in the real country where the gorse blows yellower than gold, and where every hedgerow is a never-ending succession of amazement and delight! Ah, me! who can say what sorrows are softened by the memory of it! "Grass," replied a little East-ender once, "is wot you has to keep orf!" It is worth a few pence to bring the heaven of childhood around his feet, even if only for an hour or so.

T. G. Macnamara

SHOULD SPORTS BE ALLOWED ON SUNDAY?

By the Earl of Meath.

[Contributions on this subject by Dr. Horton and Archdeacon Sinclair appeared last week.]

THE answer to the question "Should we play games on Sunday?" must, to my mind, in a large measure depend upon whether the playing of games in any way hinders the spiritual life of the player, or of those dependent on him, or of those whom his conduct influences.

The actual playing of health-giving games on Sunday is, in my opinion, not wrong in itself.

The Sabbath was evidently instituted for a double purpose: First, to enable a man, at all events once in seven days, to turn his thoughts from earth to earth's Creator, to enter into communion with God, and to assist man to strengthen his spiritual life; and, secondly, to enable him by rest to renew his mental and physical powers.

If we bear these objects in mind we shall not find it difficult to answer the above question.

Anything which hinders us from attending the public worship of God, which so engrosses our minds as to render it difficult for us to enter into communion with Him in thought throughout some portion of the day of rest, must be harmful to our spiritual interests, and should therefore be avoided.

Anything, again, which hinders us from taking the rest which is needful to our mental and bodily health must also be bad.

The Sabbath, or Sunday, it matters not which, should be the reviver of spiritual, of mental, and of physical health.

If we are honest with ourselves, and if, before playing games on Sunday, we ask ourselves the question whether the playing of games on that day be really needful to our spiritual, mental, or physical health, we shall never be in any doubt as to the course we should pursue.

If we can play games on the other six days in the week, or at all events on a sufficient number of days to ensure health and strength, surely we need not play them on Sunday.

We may more profitably turn our thoughts and energies on the seventh day into channels which may bring us closer to our Maker, and into active harmony with His command to love our neighbours as ourselves.

But, on the other hand, if, owing to long hours of labour on week-days, and to close, sedentary confinement to the house during six days in the week, we find our mental and physical health suffer if we do not relax on the seventh, then by all means let us play health-giving games which shall enable us to do our work better during the forthcoming week of labour, and whilst we play these games let our hearts be filled with thankfulness to the Almighty for giving us the health and strength, without which it would not have been in our power to have enjoyed this relaxation.

There are some games which, owing to the circumstances under which they are played, or for other reasons, are weakening to the body or hurtful to the mind; I am not discussing these. I am only considering games which are calculated to invigorate both mind and body. The others should, of course, be avoided, not only on Sunday, but also on week-days.

But, whether we play games on Sunday or whether we do not, let us not forget that the soul is of more importance than the mind or the body, and that in taking thought for the two latter, let us beware lest we starve the former. Games may be played with a heart filled with thankfulness and love to the Almighty.

The consciousness of the Divine Presence need not make a man or woman a worse player. We cannot need to play games during the whole of Sunday. The earnest man, however hard worked in the week, will find some time on the day of rest for silent converse with his Maker.

Such sweet spiritual communion will strengthen him for the conflicts of the workaday world, and will enable him to enter upon the labours of the coming week with the feeling of a Divine support, inspiring him with a triumphant assurance of victory over the temptations which await his emergence from the temple of his peace.

PASSERBY: "Is that your pork down there on the road, guv'nor?"

FARMER: "Pork! What d'ye mean? There's a pig o' mine out there."

PASSERBY: "Ah, but a motor-car has just gone by."

"He said he would lay the earth at my feet," said the sentimental girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "it sounds good, but it is not practical. You already have the earth at your feet. What you want is a three or four storey house over your head."

CUTS WORTH THOUSANDS.

THE operation of cutting and polishing diamonds, the hardest of all known substances, demands a large amount of skill on the part of the workman. Diamond is used to cut diamond. Two diamonds are mounted on sticks or holders, and the operator, taking one in each hand, uses an angle of one gem to cut off or reduce the angles of the other, and in this way the natural angles of the stones are removed, the dust being caught up for subsequent use.

Afterwards begins the real process of cutting and polishing, carried out in the mills by steam power. The diamond to be cut is mounted in solder, contained in a brass cup at the end of a piece of copper wire, which is held in tongs on the mill disc. The revolving disc is charged with diamond dust and oil, presenting, so to speak, a diamond surface, upon which the diamonds, soldered in a cup, are cut and polished. The mills run 2,600 revolutions per minute.

The high rate of speed of working gradually wears away the stone being cut, and when the workman considers that the cutting of a facet has proceeded as far as required, the solder is softened and the gem released, ready to be again set in another position for placing in the mill. The cutting thus proceeds by successive stages till the jewel finally assumes the proper form.

Many valuable stones are cut in this way, and a skilled workman frequently has £1,000 worth of precious stones on his bench at one time.

"Do you think that young actor has the personal magnetism—the convincing quality—which the successful actor must possess?" "I am sure of it," replied the manager, without a moment's hesitation. "He's the only man who was ever able to get two weeks' salary from me in advance."

JONES: "It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return."

BROWN: "Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole pocketful of pencils."

JONES: "Doesn't that prove just what I said?"

FISHING FOR BIRDS.

CURIOUS though it may seem, it is a fact that birds are caught with rod and line in many parts of the world. The pastime is declared to be almost as fascinating as fishing. Gulls in Newfoundland are caught in this way in large quantities. In New England fishing for gulls and petrels is an important industry.

The method of bird-fishing is practically the same as that of ordinary fishing. Two men go out in a dory and throw pieces of cod-liver on the water. When large quantities of birds have been attracted to the spot more cod-liver is thrown out on a hook. This the birds greedily swallow, and thus fall easy victims.

Albatrosses are fished for in the same way off the Cape of Good Hope. A piece of pork is attached to a long line and thrown overboard. The bird will eye it for a long time, gradually and cautiously making towards it. Suddenly he will seize it and hold it in his beak. When he discovers that he is caught he will sit on the water and vigorously flap his wings. However, he will be drawn into the boat and made a captive.

Albatross fishing is good sport, since the birds require careful handling. So long as he pulls against the line it is easy enough. The moment, however, he swims forward the hook will drop from his beak, unless it is skilfully manipulated, and the bird will find himself free.

"WELL, Captain, how were you pleased with the lady?"

"To speak frankly, I was somewhat disappointed."

"How so?"

"They said she was intellectual, but I talked with her half an hour, and she did not open her mouth once."

"You are mistaken there, Captain; she yawned six or eight times."

BUTCHER: "You've got six or eight new lodgers, ain't you, mum?"

Mrs. Blundell: "Yes; they came yesterday. How did you know?"

Butcher: "I noticed you was buying half a pound more of everything."

ALL IN UNISON.

ON one occasion, when the band of a certain regiment was going through a programme of music in the barrack square, the commanding officer's attention was drawn to the two trombone players, who were playing first and second parts respectively.

He watched the players for a few minutes, then roared out at the top of his voice:

"Sergeant, why don't those men work the slides of their instruments together?"

"Because, sir, they are playing two distinct parts—one first, the other second," returned the astonished band sergeant.

"I don't care what they are playing," again roared the colonel. "I'll give you to understand, sir, that I'll have things done 'together' in my regiment."

"How are you getting on with your writing for the magazines?"

"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."

ALGY: "What did your mother say when you told her that I was sorry that I'd made such an idiot of myself last night?"

Alicia: "Oh! she said she noticed nothing unusual."

"Do you think I should make a good writer?" asked the would-be author.

"Certainly I do," replied his friend. "I think you were simply born to be a writer. Why, you've got a magnificent ear for carrying a pen behind."

NOTHING TO LOSE.

Mrs. Wilson was particularly fond of reminding her husband that the silver was hers, the furniture was hers, the pianoforte was hers, and so on, until poor Wilson almost wished he had married a girl without a penny.

During the course of a recent night, however, Mrs. Wilson awoke, to hear strange voices in the lower part of the house, and vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:

"John, get up! There are burglars down below."

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Wilson sleepily.

"Burglars downstairs!" shrieked Mrs. Wilson.

"Burglars!" said Wilson, as he turned over. "Well, let 'em burgle! There's nothing of mine there!"

Mrs. WILSON: "Didn't those ladies who called leave cards?"

Bridget: "They wanted to, ma'am, but I towid thim ye had heaps av yer own, and better ones, too."

JONES: "This world's a stage."

Smith: "Yes; and the scenery is much more satisfactory than the cast!"

"I say, Miss Wright," remarked a young man admiringly, "that hat becomes you exceedingly, but I shouldn't care to sit behind it at the theatre!"

"Oh, well, you're not obliged to do that," replied the lady briskly, "you may sit beside it!"

He booked seats the same day.

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

SOME time ago a Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the West of Ireland, met a tenant, and, having heard of his marriage, saluted him as follows:

"Well, my man, so you have taken to yourself a wife?"

"Yis, yer honour," said the Irishman, touching his hat. "I have."

"Well, here am I; I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes."

"I think I can put yer honour in the way," was the answer.

"How's that?"

"Do as I do; go where you are not known."

"Tom, where can I get a good two-foot rule?"

"I can give you one right on the spot, John."

"Well, let's have it."

"Don't wear tight shoes. That rule applies to both feet."

"I MAY lunch with you in town to-day," she said. "To-morrow is your birthday, and I am going to buy you a present."

A troubled look came into the poor fellow's eyes as he said gently: "Let it be something inexpensive, won't you, dear? I haven't paid for my Christmas present yet."

MONEY MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

A ROSE but worthy old couple had a rare stroke of luck. Some relative died and left them a fortune of £30.

The night of the arrival of the lawyer's letter telling them of their good fortune they sat up late, discussing the future and what they were to do with the great sum they had inherited.

When they had done, and were rising to go to bed, the old man said, with a grand air of magnanimity, "Well, I suppose, Janet, this'll make no difference. We'll just speak to the neighbours as before."

INSURANCE SUPERINTENDENT (suspiciously): "How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?"

Widow: "He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums."

Mr. DE CLUB: "My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men."

Mrs. DE CL.: "Does he?"

Mr. DE CL.: "Yes, my dear—um—er—you'd better not wait up for me to-night."

"Scarcian is in trouble."

"What about?"

"He has written a novel and selected a name for it. His publisher likes the name, but says it does not suit the book, and he can't decide whether to write a new novel or invent a new name."

LIBRARIES IN BATHS.

THE ancient Romans were extravagantly fond of bathing. They got their notions about the bath as a luxury from the Greeks, and at one time there were nearly 900 public bathing establishments in Rome, some of which were the most beautiful and elaborate structures in the world.

The baths of the Emperor Diocletian covered more than half a square mile, and contained, beside immense basins and thousands of marble recesses, theatres, temples, halls for feasting, promenades planted with trees, libraries, schools for youth, and academies for the discussions of the learned. The bathers sat on marble benches below the surface of the water, around the edge of the basins, scraping themselves with dull knives of metal and ivory, and taking occasional plunges into the water.

Dissipated Romans would spend whole days in the bath, seeking relief from over-indulgence in eating and drinking the night before. Everybody, even the Emperor, used these baths, which were open to everyone who chose to pay the price of admission.

It was not usual for the old Romans to have baths in their houses, though at a date 1,500 years before that, or 8,500 years ago, the noblemen of ancient Greece had their dwellings supplied with baths of terra-cotta.

"HERE!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him; "you told me you had read this work on Evidence, and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son; and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.

"MAY," said Mr. Stubbs, "what do you think of my new motor-car? I bought it for a mere song."

"H'm!" mused Mrs. Stubbs. "What did it cost?"

"Five hundred pounds."

"Then you must be alluding to a Patti song."

WEDDING RINGS ROUND THE NECK.

THE Bayansi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married woman. Great brass rings are welded around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well-to-do, weigh as much as thirty pounds.

Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden.

A ring is never put round a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on, it is no easy matter to get it off. Women who increase largely in flesh, after the rings have been fastened on their necks, are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred.

Some of the women regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear their burdens with light hearts.

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Rebuilding Cities while you Wait.

Will the new San Francisco be Erected in Quicker Time than were Paris, Moscow, and Chicago?

BEFORE the fire had finished raging, and while great columns of smoke were still ascending from what was left of the fine city of San Francisco, crowds of builders were busily at work reconstructing the destroyed capital.

Though the city was little more than an ash heap, split up by vast fissures, depressions, and hillocks—the work of the earthquake—workmen were soon engaged in restoring and making firm the foundations of the steel structural buildings, while their comrades freed the framework of its bricks and plaster.

Chicago provides another example of the go-ahead spirit of our cousins across the Atlantic. In forty years it grew rapidly from a village of one hundred inhabitants to a city—not the beautiful one it is to-day, but a collection of brick and wooden buildings and shanties—whose population numbered 834,000 souls. That was in 1871, the year in which its great fire wiped it out in a single night.

The fire began in a cow stable in its most squalid quarter, and for thirty-six hours, blown to and fro through the heart of the city by a strong southwest wind, it swept over an area of five square miles. It burned 17,000 buildings, of which seventy-five were churches, made 86,000 homeless, and incurred a loss of £29,000,000. In one night millionaires and beggars were on a common level—even as they are to-day in San Francisco.

But Chicago's citizens didn't despair. Within one year buildings valued at over £8,000,000 were already

erected in the south division of the ruined city, by some ten thousand busy builders, and progress was but little behind in the north division. In two years Chicago was herself again—a splendid city of tall buildings of architectural beauty, and as admirable a city as the earlier Chicago was deplorable. Before the city was rebuilt, moreover, its population had increased by 50,000.

Charleston, the chief commercial city of South Carolina, destroyed by an earthquake in 1886, which wrecked nearly 7,000 buildings out of a total of just over 8,000, was also reconstructed within two to three years. Little more time than this was sufficient for the re-erection of the cities of Arequipa and Iquique, in Peru, upon their being entirely shattered by the great earthquake of 1868, which did damage to the extent of £80,000,000, killing 25,000 persons, and rendering the remainder homeless.

The disaster was really a blessing in disguise, for, like Chicago, the inhabitants of Arequipa supplanted the wooden hovels that served them as houses by fine, stately buildings of stone and steel.

Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, was another city that did not long remain a place of ashes. By its fire of 1872, more than half its buildings were gutted, and a loss of £14,000,000 entailed, but the Bostonians determined to seize the opportunity of re-erecting a city which is acknowledged to be one of the best built in the States. A year from the conflagration was sufficient for its transformation. Narrow, winding streets were replaced by broad, well-

paved thoroughfares; miserable buildings by massive erections of granite and steel.

The rebuilding of Paris was one of the greatest feats on record. Following upon the siege of the city by the Germans in 1871, a section of the populace, terming themselves the Red Republicans, committed unparalleled acts of vandalism.

In a few days the fire they systematically set burning in a number of the chief buildings of the capital did damage to upwards of £28,000,000. For a time the whole city was threatened, and dozens of historical monuments and priceless treasures were destroyed, while it was feared that Paris would lose its prestige as a European capital.

This, however, was not to be the case. By the autumn of 1873 all the private houses burned had been rebuilt, the monuments only partially injured had been restored, and the streets and public places were as splendid and gay as in the best days of the empire. It was then, too, that Paris erected many of her world-famous boulevards and gardens.

By the great fire of Moscow, during the French occupation of the city under Napoleon in 1812, practically the whole place was reduced to ashes.

But the following year, after Napoleon's departure and rout, Moscow began to rise rapidly from her ashes. Peasants and princes erected their huts and palaces side by side, as they are to be seen to-day, with all haste; broad streets were made, which before were narrow alleys; and Moscow began again to assume her splendid appearance.



Are White Lies Justifiable?

By Ellice Beere.

IN making for any particular destination there is always the temptation to take a short cut. Sometimes the high road would be the easiest and shortest route, but we cherish the notion that by taking a round-about path we shall reach there quicker.

It is really with something the same idea in our minds that in any social or other emergency we call the harmless and necessary white lie to our aid.

The truth is not always easy to speak, and it is not always agreeable to hear. The home truth is particularly cumbersome, and generally requires a lot of explaining away, and so it comes about that the white lie, which has a knack of pleasing all concerned, is requisitioned.

Imagine, for instance, you have incautiously remarked to your next-door neighbour that Miss Smith looks quite as old as her mother, and you meet Miss Smith, who wants an explanation, how nice it is to be able to say with a smile, "Oh, my dear Miss Smith, how can my remark have been mangled like that? What I really said was, 'Your mother looks young enough to be your sister.'"

Or picture that your new summer frock, donned for the first time, is spoilt by the clumsiness of some mere man, who upsots a cup of coffee over it. To give voice to your real sentiments would not be tolerated for a moment in polite society, so you make a virtue of necessity, and, smiling sweetly, murmur, "Oh, it doesn't matter at all, it's only an old one."

Or, again, it may happen you call upon Professor Stonehardt, and he carelessly drops his 14lb. fossil on your favourite corn. As you stagger back between your gasps you faintly ejaculate, "Oh, please don't mention it. I hardly felt it." But, all the same,

you limp for a week afterwards, with mental reservations of a more truthful nature.

But the white lie is more readily believed, and, under most circumstances, more complacently received than the truth. Indeed, if you should arrive at a friend's house in time for a comfortable cup of tea, it stands to reason that you could forego it more cheerfully if you are told the mistress is not at home than if you are informed her hair is out of curl and her new dress doesn't fit, and, therefore, she cannot possibly see visitors.

The white lie is really its own justification, and it is doubtless this fact which has caused it, to achieve an enormous popularity. Of course, there are people to whom black is black and white white, and any border line between the two is of a very dirty grey colour indeed.

One would not wish to criticise the principles of such people, but they are not of a nature to add to the general hilarity of the world.

Certainly, where real issues are at stake, any concealment or prevarication of the truth should be matter of grave concern, but with such an aspect of the question this article has nothing to do. Whatever doubt there may be about the wrong thing, there can never be any doubt about the right. The question "Is it wrong?" may be asked, but "Is it right?" makes a more searching inquiry, and an emphatic "yes" or "no" is the only answer that can be taken as a guide.

The very term "white lie" explains itself, and is significant of its innocence; but perhaps it would be just as well to define it as far as possible in a few words.

Thus the genuine white lie is a slight deviation from the truth, which does harm to no one, but which is designed to spare the feelings or add to the well-being of society in general, or one person in particular.

Supposing, let us say, you have a terrible cold on the night of your party. Although you may know for a fact that your nose is red and your eyes look like boiled gooseberries, it would only increase your sense of general misery to have these horrid details impressed upon you. But the good-hearted person who courageously assures you you look much better out of the looking-glass than you appear to yourself in it earns your undying gratitude. You feel quite cheered up, and regard your comforter in the light of a public benefactor.

Who ever tells an invalid he is as ill as he really is? We say we hope and expect he will be well to-day, the next day, next week, or next year, when we know he will be nothing of the kind. But the doctor has said it is of the utmost importance his spirits are kept up, and with that aim and end in view the white lie is the best medicine we can rely on.

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Then, to intensify the pain, the needles were stroked backwards and forwards, some being deliberately snapped off at the points and left in the skin. In this state he was abandoned until the arrival of other workmen next morning.

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Not satisfied with horsewhipping their comrade, a party of rebellious navvies left the man in an open drain, bound fast to the stakes, without a rag upon his back, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season. When unbound next morning he was too weak to speak; his fine beard, twenty inches in length, had gone from his chin; the delvers had hacked it off with their huge clasp knives.

Army Officers are not the only Victims.

CUTS WORTH THOUSANDS.

THE operation of cutting and polishing diamonds, the hardest of all known substances, demands a large amount of skill on the part of the workman. Diamond is used to cut diamond. Two diamonds are mounted on sticks or holders, and the operator, taking one in each hand, uses an angle of one gem to cut off or reduce the angles of the other, and in this way the natural angles of the stones are removed, the dust being caught up for subsequent use.

Afterwards begins the real process of cutting and polishing, carried out in the mills by steam power. The diamond to be cut is mounted in solder, contained in a brass cup at the end of a piece of copper wire, which is held in tongs on the mill disc. The revolving disc is charged with diamond dust and oil, presenting, so to speak, a diamond surface, upon which the diamonds, soldered in a cup, are cut and polished. The mills run 2,600 revolutions per minute.

The high rate of speed of working gradually wears away the stone being cut, and when the workman considers that the cutting of a facet has proceeded as far as required, the solder is softened and the gem released, ready to be again set in another position for placing in the mill. The cutting thus proceeds by successive stages till the jewel finally assumes the proper form.

Many valuable stones are cut in this way, and a skilled workman frequently has £1,000 worth of precious stones on his bench at one time.

"Do you think that young actor has the personal magnetism—the convincing quality—which the successful actor must possess?"

"I am sure of it," replied the manager, without a moment's hesitation. "He's the only man who's ever able to get two weeks' salary from me in advance."

Jones: "It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return."

Brown: "Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole pocketful of pencils."

Jones: "Doesn't that prove just what I said?"

FISHING FOR BIRDS.

CURIOUS though it may seem, it is a fact that birds are caught with rod and line in many parts of the world. The pastime is declared to be almost as fascinating as fishing. Gulls in Newfoundland are caught in this way in large quantities. In New England fishing for gulls and petrels is an important industry.

The method of bird-fishing is practically the same as that of ordinary fishing. Two men go out in a dory and throw pieces of cod-liver on the water. When large quantities of birds have been attracted to the spot more cod-liver is thrown out on a hook. This the birds greedily swallow, and thus fall easy victims.

Albatrosses are fished for in the same way off the Cape of Good Hope. A piece of pork is attached to a long line and thrown overboard. The bird will eye it for a long time, gradually and cautiously making towards it. Suddenly he will seize it and hold it in his beak. When he discovers that he is caught he will sit on the water and vigorously flap his wings. However, he will be drawn into the boat and made a captive.

Albatross fishing is good sport, since the birds require careful handling. So long as he pulls against the line it is easy enough. The moment, however, he swims forward the hook will drop from his beak, unless it is skillfully manipulated, and the bird will find himself free.

"Well, Captain, how were you pleased with the lady?"

"To speak frankly, I was somewhat disappointed."

"How so?"

"They said she was intellectual, but I talked with her half an hour, and she did not open her mouth once."

"You are mistaken there, Captain; she yawned six or eight times."

Brown: "You've got six or eight new lodgers, ain't you, mum?"

Mrs. Blundell: "Yes; they came yesterday. How did you know?"

Butcher: "I noticed you was buying half a pound more of everything."

ALL IN UNISON.

ON one occasion, when the band of a certain regiment was going through a programme of music in the barrack square, the commanding officer's attention was drawn to the two trombone players, who were playing first and second parts respectively.

He watched the players for a few minutes, then roared out at the top of his voice:

"Sergeant, why don't those men work the slides of their instruments together?"

"Because, sir, they are playing two distinct parts—one first, the other second," returned the astonished band sergeant.

"I don't care what they are playing," again roared the colonel. "I'll give you to understand, sir, that I'll have things done 'together' in my regiment."

"How are you getting on with your writing for the magazines?"

"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."

ALBY: "What did your mother say when you told her that I was sorry that I'd made such an idiot of myself last night?"

Alicia: "Oh! she said she noticed nothing unusual."

"Do you think I should make a good writer?" asked the would-be author.

"Certainly I do," replied his friend. "I think you were simply born to be a writer. Why, you've got a magnificent ear for carrying a pen behind."

NOTHING TO LOSE.

Mrs. Wilson was particularly fond of reminding her husband that the silver was hers, the furniture was hers, the pianoforte was hers, and so on, until poor Wilson almost wished he had married a girl without a penny.

During the course of a recent night, however, Mrs. Wilson awoke, to hear strange voices in the lower part of the house, and vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:

"John, get up! There are burglars down below."

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Wilson sleepily.

"Burglars downstairs!" shrieked Mrs. Wilson.

"Burglars!" said Wilson, as he turned over. "Well, let 'em burgle! There's nothing of mine there!"

Mrs. Wilson: "Didn't those ladies who called leave cards?"

Bridget: "They wanted to, ma'am, but I towid thim ye had heaps av yer own, and better ones, too."

Jones: "This world's a stage."

Smith: "Yes; and the scenery is much more satisfactory than the cast!"

"I say, Miss Wright," remarked a young man admiringly, "that hat becomes you exceedingly, but I shouldn't care to sit behind it at the theatre!"

"Oh, well, you're not obliged to do that," replied the lady briskly, "you may sit beside it!"

He booked seats the same day.

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

SOME time ago a Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the West of Ireland, met a tenant, and, having heard of his marriage, saluted him as follows:

"Well, my man, so you have taken to yourself a wife?"

"Yis, yer honour," said the Irishman, touching his hat. "I have."

"Well, here am I; I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes."

"I think I can put yer honour in the way," was the answer.

"How's that?"

"Do as I do; go where you are not known."

"Tuz, where can I get a good two-foot rule?"

"I can give you one right on the spot, John."

"Well, let's have it."

"Don't wear tight shoes. That rule applies to both feet."

"I MAY lunch with you in town to-day," she said. "To-morrow is your birthday, and I am going to buy you a present."

A troubled look came into the poor fellow's eyes as he said gently:

"Let it be something inexpensive, won't you, dear? I haven't paid for my Christmas present yet."

MONEY MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

A poor but worthy old couple had a rare stroke of luck. Some relative died and left them a fortune of £20.

The night of the arrival of the lawyer's letter telling them of their good fortune they sat up late, discussing the future and what they were to do with the great sum they had inherited.

When they had done, and were rising to go to bed, the old man said, with a grand air of magnanimity, "Well, I suppose, Janet, this'll make no difference. We'll just speak to the neighbours as before."

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously): "How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?"

Widow: "He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums."

Mr. De Cuz: "My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men."

Mrs. De Cuz: "Does he?"

Mr. De Cuz: "Yes, my dear—um—um—you'd better not wait up for me to-night."

"Scarcism is in trouble."

"What about?"

"He has written a novel and selected a name for it. His publisher likes the name, but says it does not suit the book, and he can't decide whether to write a new novel or invent a new name."

LIBRARIES IN BATHS.

THE ancient Romans were extravagantly fond of bathing. They got their notions about the bath as a luxury from the Greeks, and at one time there were nearly 900 public bathing establishments in Rome, some of which were the most beautiful and elaborate structures in the world.

The baths of the Emperor Diocletian covered more than half a square mile, and contained, beside immense basins and thousands of marble recesses, theatres, temples, halls for feasting, promenades planted with trees, libraries, schools for youth, and academies for the discussions of the learned. The bathers sat on marble benches below the surface of the water, around the edge of the basins, scraping themselves with dull knives of metal and ivory, and taking occasional plunges into the water.

Dissipated Romans would spend whole days in the bath, seeking relief from over-indulgence in eating and drinking the night before. Everybody, even the Emperor, used these baths, which were open to everyone who chose to pay the price of admission.

It was not usual for the old Romans to have baths in their houses, though at a date 1,500 years before that, or 3,500 years ago, the noblemen of ancient Greece had their dwellings supplied with baths of terra-cotta.

"HERE!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him; "you told me you had read this work on Evidence, and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son; and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.

"MART," said Mr. Stubbs, "what do you think of my new motor-car? I bought it for a mere song."

"H'm!" mused Mrs. Stubbs. "What did it cost?"

"Five hundred pounds."

"Then you must be alluding to a Patti song."

WEDDING RINGS ROUND THE NECK.

THE Bayansi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Great brass rings are welded around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well-to-do, weigh as much as thirty pounds.

Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden.

A ring is never put round a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on, it is no easy matter to get it off. Women who increase largely in flesh, after the rings have been fastened on their necks, are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred.

Some of the women regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear their burdens with light hearts.

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The Corporation has paid over £4,500,000 in claims.

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RICHARD J. PAUL, General Manager and Secretary.



Rebuilding Cities while you Wait.

Will the new San Francisco be Erected in Quicker Time than were Paris, Moscow, and Chicago?

BEFORE the fire had finished raging, and while great columns of smoke were still ascending from what was left of the fine city of San Francisco, crowds of builders were busily at work reconstructing the destroyed capital.

Though the city was little more than an ash heap, split up by vast fissures, depressions, and hillocks—the work of the earthquake—workmen were soon engaged in restoring and making firm the foundations of the steel structural buildings, while their comrades freed the framework of its bricks and plaster.

Chicago provides another example of the go-ahead spirit of our cousins across the Atlantic. In forty years it grew rapidly from a village of one hundred inhabitants to a city—not the beautiful one it is to-day, but a collection of brick and wooden buildings and shanties—whose population numbered 834,000 souls. That was in 1871, the year in which its great fire wiped it out in a single night.

The fire began in a cow stable in its most squalid quarter, and for thirty-six hours, blown to and fro through the heart of the city by a strong south-west wind, it swept over an area of five square miles. It burned 17,000 buildings, of which seventy-five were churches, made 98,000 homeless, and incurred a loss of \$29,000,000. In one night millionaires and beggars were on a common level—even as they are to-day in San Francisco.

But Chicago's citizens didn't despair. Within one year buildings valued at over \$8,000,000 were already

erected in the south division of the ruined city, by some ten thousand busy builders, and progress was but little behind in the north division. In two years Chicago was herself again—a splendid city of tall buildings of architectural beauty, and as admirable a city as the earlier Chicago was deplorable. Before the city was rebuilt, moreover, its population had increased by 60,000.

Charleston, the chief commercial city of South Carolina, destroyed by an earthquake in 1886, which wrecked nearly 7,000 buildings out of a total of just over 8,000, was also reconstructed within two to three years. Little more time than this was sufficient for the re-erection of the cities of Arequipa and Iquique, in Peru, upon their being entirely shattered by the great earthquake of 1883, which did damage to the extent of \$60,000,000, killing 25,000 persons, and rendering the remainder homeless.

The disaster was really a blessing in disguise, for, like Chicago, the inhabitants of Arequipa supplanted the wooden hovels that served them as houses by fine, stately buildings of stone and steel.

Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, was another city that did not long remain a place of ashes. By its fire of 1872, more than half its buildings were gutted, and a loss of \$14,000,000 entailed, but the Bostonians determined to seize the opportunity of re-erecting a city which is acknowledged to be one of the best built in the States. A year from the conflagration was sufficient for its transformation. Narrow, winding streets were replaced by broad, well-

paved thoroughfares; miserable buildings by massive erections of granite and steel.

The rebuilding of Paris was one of the greatest feats on record. Following upon the siege of the city by the Germans in 1871, a section of the populace, terming themselves the Red Republicans, committed unparalleled acts of vandalism.

In a few days the fire they systematically set burning in a number of the chief buildings of the capital did damage to upwards of £28,000,000. For a time the whole city was threatened, and dozens of historical monuments and priceless treasures were destroyed, while it was feared that Paris would lose its prestige as a European capital.

This, however, was not to be the case. By the autumn of 1878 all the private houses burned had been rebuilt, the monuments only partially injured had been restored, and the streets and public places were as splendid and gay as in the best days of the empire. It was then, too, that Paris erected many of her world-famous boulevards and gardens.

By the great fire of Moscow, during the French occupation of the city under Napoleon in 1812, practically the whole place was reduced to ashes.

But the following year, after Napoleon's departure and rout, Moscow began to rise rapidly from her ashes. Peasants and princes erected their huts and palaces side by side, as they are to be seen to-day, with all haste; broad streets were made, which before were narrow alleys; and Moscow began again to assume her splendid appearance.



Are White Lies Justifiable?

By Ellice Beere.

In making for any particular destination there is always the temptation to take a short cut. Sometimes the high road would be the easiest and shortest route, but we cherish the notion that by taking a round-about path we shall reach there quicker.

It is really with something the same idea in our minds that in any social or other emergency we call the harmless and necessary white lie to our aid.

The truth is not always easy to speak, and it is not always agreeable to hear. The home truth is particularly cumbersome, and generally requires a lot of explaining away, and so it comes about that the white lie, which has a knack of pleasing all concerned, is requisitioned.

Imagine, for instance, you have incautiously remarked to your next-door neighbour that Miss Smith looks quite as old as her mother, and you meet Miss Smith, who wants an explanation, how nice it is to be able to say with a smile, "Oh, my dear Miss Smith, how can my remark have been mangled like that? What I really said was, 'Your mother looks young enough to be your sister.'"

Or picture that your new summer frock, donned for the first time, is spoilt by the clumsiness of some mere man, who upsets a cup of coffee over it. To give voice to your real sentiments would not be tolerated for a moment in polite society, so you make a virtue of necessity, and, smiling sweetly, murmur, "Oh, it doesn't matter at all, it's only an old one."

Or, again, it may happen you call upon Professor Stonehardt, and he carelessly drops his 14lb. fossil on your favourite corn. As you stagger back between your gasps you faintly ejaculate, "Oh, please don't mention it. I hardly felt it." But, all the same,

you limp for a week afterwards, with mental reservations of a more truthful nature.

But the white lie is more readily believed, and, under most circumstances, more complacently received than the truth. Indeed, if you should arrive at a friend's house in time for a comfortable cup of tea, it stands to reason that you could forego it more cheerfully if you are told the mistress is not at home than if you are informed her hair is out of curl and her new dress doesn't fit, and, therefore, she cannot possibly see visitors.

The white lie is really its own justification, and it is doubtless this fact which has caused it, to achieve an enormous popularity. Of course, there are people to whom black is black and white white, and any border line between the two is of a very dirty grey colour indeed.

One would not wish to criticise the principles of such people, but they are not of a nature to add to the general hilarity of the world.

Certainly, where real issues are at stake, any concealment or prevarication of the truth should be matter of grave concern, but with such an aspect of the question this article has nothing to do. Whatever doubt there may be about the wrong thing, there can never be any doubt about the right. The question "Is it wrong?" may be evaded, but "Is it right?" makes a more searching inquiry, and an emphatic "yes" or "no" is the only answer that can be taken as a guide.

The very term "white lie" explains itself, and is significant of its innocence; but perhaps it would be just as well to define it as far as possible in a few words.

Thus the genuine white lie is a slight deviation from the truth, which does harm to no one, but which is designed to spare the feelings or add to the well-being of society in general, or one person in particular.

Supposing, let us say, you have a terrible cold on the night of your party. Although you may know for a fact that your nose is red and your eyes look like boiled gooseberries, it would only increase your sense of general misery to have these horrid details impressed upon you. But the good-hearted person who courageously assures you you look much better out of the looking-glass than you appear to yourself in it earns your undying gratitude. You feel quite cheered up, and regard your comforter in the light of a public benefactor.

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Picked Pars.

Dangerous Reef of Rocks.

A dangerous reef of rocks, at a spot where many ships have foundered in the past, has been discovered by a British warship off the northern coast of Portugal.

A Rare Visitor.

A manul or Pallas's cat, a very rare animal found in Central and North Asia, has been placed in the Zoo. It is the first to be shown there.

Typewriters Exempt from "Distress."

Typewriters are tools of trade, and therefore exempt from "distress," according to an important judgment by Deputy Judge Horton Smith in the City of London Court recently.

Where Wood is Grown.

Wood, with which ancient Britons stained themselves bright blue at a moment's notice, is still grown in Lincolnshire as a dye. The neighbourhood of Boston and Wisbech are perhaps the only places where the industry survives.

Japanese Etiquette.

Unless there are ladies among the guests, the wife and daughters of the host do not appear at dinner in Japan. Before the meal begins it is customary for them to bring in small cups of tea and dainty confectionery, when they take their survey of the party.

Candidates for Enlistment.

According to a medical return just issued thirty-nine per cent. of candidates for enlistment in the British Army are rejected on account of their bad teeth.

Pigeon's Long Memory.

A homing pigeon which was sent to Bournemouth for liberation seven years ago by Mr. Musket, a grocer of Chester, has just returned to its home loft.

Cat and Dog Friendship.

From the day that its friend, a dog, died in Skerry, County Armagh, a cat refused to take any food, and it was shortly afterwards found dead on its former companion's grave.

An Accomplished Bear.

A peasant was seen recently in Mont Lucon driving a wild bear in a small dog-cart, the reins being fastened to the animal's tusks. The bear, which is two years old, has only been in training for two months.

A Wooden Hotel.

The largest hotel in the world constructed entirely of wooden logs, is located in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, U.S.A. It is known as "The Old Faithful" inn by reason of its proximity to the famous geyser of that name. The peculiar construction of this hotel makes it an object of wonderment to all who visit it.

Size of Post-cards.

Efforts have been made to induce the Postmaster-General to increase the size of the post-card from 5½ by 3½ inches to 6 by 4 inches, but, so far, without success.

Youthful M.P.'s.

Lord Turnour, who is just over twenty-three, Lord Wedderburn, and Lord Dalmeny are the youngest three members of the House of Commons.

Freed by a Lead Key.

Howard Ringo has escaped from gaol at Roswell, New Mexico, by opening his cell door with a lead key which he made from lead shavings left in the gaol by plumbers.

Negress Turning White.

For months past a coloured woman, living at Kimberley, South Africa, has been gradually turning white, the only indications of colour now being slight patches beneath each eye.

Patent Heat-retainer.

A Teddington man has secured the patent rights of an invention known as a heat-retainer. Its purpose is to keep hot porridge and milk which have previously been prepared in large quantities, and which, it is proposed, shall be vended to householders and left upon their doorsteps in the morning, in the same way as the morning milk or the morning paper.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Picture Pars.

NOT TO BE SCRUBBED.

ANYBODY witnessing the docking process of a big vessel would be at a loss to understand the motive in putting, as in accompanying sketch, two chalk marks, about six feet apart, just above the water-line, with the words "Not to be scrubbed" interwritten. They are intended to caution the people engaged in scrubbing the bottom of the ship to leave the space indicated between the chalk marks right down to the keel, so that the dockyard officials may judge the effect of the different kinds of anti-fouling paints which are experimented with in preserving the bottom from marine weed and insect growth.

CAN ONLY SEE DOWN.



SHOULD a cow or heifer be addicted to straying, a board slung from the horns is fixed before its eyes. It is then unable to see the weak places in the hedges or fences that border its meadow, although it is not impeded in any way when looking on the ground for food.

FOR REMOVING SLATES.

ONE of the many tools used by a slater is shown in the illustration. It is called a "slate-ripper" and is used for removing slates from a building. This is the manner in which it is employed: The slater inserts it under a slate. Into one of the niches at the blade of the tool he gets the nail which holds the slate. A sharp pull is given and the nail is severed. The slate is then pulled and easily comes off.



TO OPEN A BOTTLE.

If you haven't a corkscrew, you can open a bottle by drawing a knife vigorously round the neck of the bottle just behind the rim that incloses the cork, as if you were going to saw its head off. This will scratch the enamel. Then lay the knife-blade flat on the bottle, and with the back of the blade strike the bottle rim a few sharp blows lengthwise of the bottle as if you would knock its head off. Presently you will hear it break, which it will do in the line of the scratches. Now put a napkin over the head, and pull as if you were drawing the cork, and the head and all will come off quite clean.



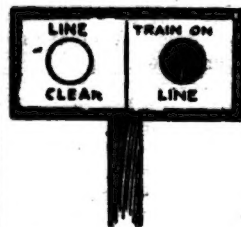
WHEN NEARING THE TOP.

THIS is the method used at collieries to warn the brakeman in the engine-house that the cage is nearing the top of the shaft. A block of wood, with a projecting tongue, slides between two uprights. Attached to it is a piece of cord, fixed at the other end to the spiral of the winding drum. As the engine draws up the cages in the shaft the block rises. The projecting tongue lifts Fig. A as it passes, and the bell shown here is rung. The brakeman, on hearing it, knows the cage is near the top. The block also shows when the cage is at the different seams or stopping places in the shaft.



SHOWN BY THE DISC.

ON some railways in places where it is not possible to have a bridge or gate, and people must cross the metals, the signboard shown in the illustration tells them whether it is dangerous to cross or not. Should a train be on the line, a red disc shows at the hole on the right-hand side of the notice; but if the line is clear, the disc remains in the hole at the left of the board. Visitors can thus tell you by a glance whether crossing would be safe.



Personal Pars.

Queen Maria Christina.

QUEEN MARIA CHRISTINA, the ex-Queen Regent of Spain, has expressed a desire to retire into a convent after the approaching Royal marriage. Her Majesty, it is of interest to remember, was an abbess of Austria before her marriage in 1878.

Count Tolstoy.

COUNT TOLSTOY is again in print—a novelist at seventy-eight sufficiently strenuous to command the newspaper Press of Europe for his latest serial, which is to be reproduced simultaneously in Italy, London, Paris, and Berlin. The title of the work is "Kholod Vasiliev," and it is described as full of strong human emotion.

Rev. Richard Rymer.

REV. RICHARD RYMER, the oldest Methodist minister, has just celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday. He was born in a Yorkshire village, where he was known as the "boy preacher." He entered the Wesleyan ministry when twenty years old, and "travelled" for forty years in nearly every part of Great Britain, finally retiring in 1899.

Sir Frederick Treves.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES is a loyal native of Dorset, and has been writing a volume on the county for the series of books in the "Highways and Byways" series. Last summer he took the utmost trouble to explore all the out-of-the-way parts of Dorset, and has very much enjoyed the writing of the book as a relief to the work he did in re-organising military hospitals in this country.

The Duke of Connaught.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT was recently elected Grand Master of Mark Masons and Grand Master of English Freemasons. Ever since the King's accession, His Majesty's brother has been annually re-elected to these offices, which the erstwhile Prince of Wales held. The Duke of Connaught has always been as much absorbed in Freemasonry as the King, but the late Duke of Edinburgh and the present Prince of Wales never cared much about it.

Mr. Balfour.

MR. BALFOUR'S usual lunch—a crab, a bun, and a cup of tea.

The Queen.

THE QUEEN, who plays the game of Bridge regularly, has always set her face resolutely against gambling, and will not allow any member of her entourage to play for even moderately high stakes.

Miss Olga Nethercole.

MISS OLGA NETHERCOLE says that she will retire from the stage in eight years' time or sooner, and devote her life to fighting tuberculosis. She has lately taken up the study of medicine, in which she became interested through Sir Alfred Fripp.

The Kaiser.

THE KAISER has recently painted two pictures symbolic of his ideas of a happy marriage, one of which he has presented as a wedding gift to Prince Eitel Friedrich, and the other he gave to the Kaiserin as a memento of their silver wedding.

Countess of Aberdeen.

LADY ABERDEEN is always to the fore in advancing women's work, while her interest in emigration is well known. She possesses great charm of manner and wonderful tact, and in all the appointments which Lord Aberdeen has held has made for herself a place in the affections of everyone connected with her.

Princess Ena.

ONE detail of Princess Ena's trousseau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katharine of Aragon. It was found some years ago in a walled-up cupboard in St. James' Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and thus after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Lady Limerick.

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK is a very fine pianist, and often works seven or eight hours a day at the piano. She comes of an unusually gifted musical family, her father and sister both being brilliant violinists.

The Duke of Wellington.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has the tastes of a country gentleman rather than of a military man, although he was at one time colonial in command of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. He loves deer-stalking and hunting and country pastimes in general, while he makes fairly frequent trips abroad.

King Edward.

Few of his subjects are more devoted to the sea than His Majesty, who has a thorough knowledge of everything connected with steam or sail. On the Royal yacht he exercises considerable personal vigilance, receives all the reports himself, and few admirals can talk with more profound knowledge of naval developments.

Professor Gollancz.

PROFESSOR ISMAEL GOLLANCZ, on whom the University of Cambridge has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters, is the youngest son of the late Rev. S. M. Gollancz, who was for nearly fifty years Chief Minister of the Synagogue in Fenchurch Street. Dr. Gollancz was born in the City of London in 1884, and has had a brilliant career.

Mme. Albani.

AS MISS MARIE-LOUISE CROUS EMMER LARSENSEN, Mme. Albani first sang in public at Montreal at the age of eight, and has now been thirty-three years before the British public. There are various legends as to the adoption of the name which she has made famous, but the truth is that her master, Lamperti, selected the patronymic of a defunct Italian family as the name under which she should make her first public appearance in Italy, and that name happened to be Albani.



The World and His Watch.

What's the Time in Different Parts of the Globe when it's Noon in Britain?

It, just at twelve noon, when British business men were about to put on their hats and sidle out to the daily restaurant, all the other business men in the world were to pull out their watches, we should be confronted with a most confusing and puzzling answer to that homely daily question, "Please, what's the time?"

As near our shores as Amsterdam, to begin with, we should note the substantial difference of twenty minutes, for the Dutchman's watch would record the time as 12.20.

The Parisian's, nearer our own, is 12.10, and all who have been to France will remember, at Calais or Boulogne, finding that they have to put their watches on ten minutes.

Travelling through Germany, however, on passing the next meridian to Greenwich, the traveller is suddenly robbed of one hour of his precious life, and compelled to pass, without any preparation, from 12 to 1.

At the Englishman's Greenwich noon, the German in Berlin is eating his snack at seven minutes to one, the Russian in Moscow has finished his, for it's half-past two.

At London's noon, Constantinople is five minutes to two. Athens is 1.35, Odessa is 2.3, Stockholm 1.12, Rome 12.55, Vienna 1.5.

But, further afield, the confusion would be

infinitely greater. The New Yorker, at the Greenwich mean time, is just opening his eyes, and saying that getting up's a darned unpleasant necessity, for his repeater has only chimed seven a.m. four minutes ago. While the British business man has got through a heavy morning's work, and is thinking of his mid-day interval, the "hustling" New Yorker hasn't started yet.

This makes business somewhat awkward. At twelve noon, the New Yorker finds that he wants to cable information over to London. But London, at New York's noon, is closing its offices, for it's just on five, and by the time the cable arrives—three hours at least—will be far away in its suburban home.

But the American has the same trouble even in dealing with his own countrymen, for while New York is noon, San Francisco is only twenty to nine. Frisco is going to the office, while New York is gobbling down its quick lunch, and by the time Frisco is just getting into the business of the day, New York is betaking itself to the roof gardens and parks "up-town," or to Coney Island or Brooklyn for the evening's pleasure.

Turn eastwards from England, and we find, of course, that our friends are ahead of us, not, like the Americans, behind us. For instance, at our noon, our friends in Bombay are just partaking, at ten minutes to five, of afternoon tea,

and thanking goodness that the heat of the day is passed.

The friend in Peking finds it a quarter to eight (evening). The ally in Yokohama has done his day's work long ago, had his evening meal, and is about to "turn in," for it's twenty past nine.

The Australian "pal," down in Melbourne, is a bit later still, his watch being twenty to ten at night while we are noon; while the respectable New Zealander in Auckland is in bed long ago, for it's twenty to twelve at night.

Looking further east still, at Honolulu, in mid-Pacific, we find that, as we are striking twelve noon, the Hawaiians are fast asleep at 1.30 the morning before, because Honolulu is west of us, and, therefore, slow.

Changes in time often perplex travellers. For instance, the clocks on an Atlantic steamer going to New York are altered every day, so that, on arriving in the new world, passengers will not find themselves nearly five hours ahead of the natives of the picturesque isle of Manhattan.

The New Yorker, travelling to Frisco, for his part, at various stages of the journey has to put his watch back or he, too, will find himself three hours and twenty minutes "too soon."

It was with some feelings of humour that a gathering of officers in Bombay, recently assembled to drink the health of a fellow officer being married in England, the "toast" to be given at the identical time of the placing of the ring, found that at that moment the happy couple had been married nearly five hours. To have done the thing as intended, the toast should have been proposed at about four in the morning, corresponding to eleven in Britain.

Correspondents abroad for British papers have to bear strictly in mind differences in time, or important information may be too late for use at the proper moment, and trouble will result.

CUSTOMER: "When was this chicken killed?"
Waiter: "We don't furnish dates with chicken, sir. Only bread."

"A MAN always get on easier by taking his wife's advice."
"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "When things turn out badly there isn't so much talk about it."

THE WIFE: "What luck?"
The Husband (wearily): "None whatever."
The Wife: "Were there no servants in the registry office?"
The Husband (sadly): "Lots of them; but they had all worked for us before."

ANGEL CHILD: "Aunt Daisy, what is meant by 'a fictitious character'?"
Aunt Daisy: "That means one that is made up, dear."
Angel Child: "Oh, yes! Then you're a fictitious character, aren't you, auntie?"

"His play failed, eh!" said the leading lady.
"Well, I'm sorry," said the manager.
"Yes, it failed," said the manager.
"What killed it?"
"Well," said the manager, "the author held the mirror too closely up to nature. He had all the characters talking about the weather the entire first act."



The hour for an evening stroll in Peking.



Bed-time in Yokohama.



A chance for beauty sleep in Auckland.

HOW I GOT ON.

Life Stories by the Labour M.P.'s.

Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, M.P. (Gateshead).

If ever a man was born to be a miner, surely I was. My grandfather was a miner, as was his father before him, whilst my own father held, I believe, something of a record by virtue of over sixty years' continuous service in one pit, and finally I was born and reared amid the mining atmosphere of Northumberland.

My childhood was happy and uneventful, and at the age of nine, having acquired the "three R's" at a dame's school, I entered the Backworth pits, working, as was the custom of the times, at least twelve hours a day.

Here I feel strongly inclined to come to a full stop, for, whatever may be thought to the contrary, a miner's life is not exciting, or, rather, if it is, he rarely lives to tell the tale.

Certainly, I am thankful to say, my career in the pits was entirely devoid of exciting incident, and, without sustaining a single serious injury, I passed through all the various grades of a miner's calling. So my humdrum life does not lend itself to any stories of adventure, and I have nothing more to say about my experiences underground.

But so far as my getting on is concerned, I felt the first uplifting influence when, at the age of fifteen or so, I came into close contact with Primitive Methodism.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence for good the Primitive Methodists I met had upon me. I found their teaching the strongest possible incentive to trying to improve myself, not only morally, but mentally, and towards the latter end I took to serious and systematic study.

Historical and philosophical works particularly attracted me, and my reading, whilst still in my teens and early manhood, included such books as Wayland's "Moral Science," Professor Marshall's "Principles of Economics," John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and Mazzini's works in general. And the more I read the more I wanted to read and strengthened in my determination to improve my lot.

Pray do not think, however, that I was an objectionable young prig, scorning anything in the shape of light literature, and always wearing a solemn face. On the contrary, I eagerly devoured the best novelists and poets, and I am strongly of opinion that if a man does not judiciously vary his reading he is likely to suffer from literary indigestion, whilst if I took a serious view of life and its duties I hope that did not preclude me from much innocent enjoyment.

As I grew older I became a local preacher, work which was a simply invaluable training for the Trade Union and Parliamentary speaking I was to do in later life.

My duties as a preacher still further widened my mental horizon by leading me to the study of religious works, Butler's "Analogy" being one that influenced me, whilst Dr. McCosh was a writer whom I studied deeply and with profit.

Altogether, whatever I am to-day is due to Primitive Methodism. And so, what between delving for coals in one sort of pit and seeking to save souls from another, the years slipped uneventfully away until 1883, when I first became officially connected with the Durham Miners' Association, serving on the committee, and eventually becoming first treasurer and next financial secretary of this important body.

For the rest it has fallen to my pleasant lot to visit many foreign countries as a delegate at various International Miners' Congresses, and these experiences have served to convince me that if the English miner's lot was one of great hardship in my young days he is now far better off than the miner of any other country.

In 1904, on the lamented death of Mr. William Allan, I succeeded him as member for Gateshead, and there you have all I can tell you of my rise from pit-boy to Member of Parliament.

I think I have got on chiefly by reason of the good moral training I received in my youth. This gave me moral stamina, without which I do not think any man can succeed.

Indeed, were I asked to give a piece of advice to a youngster starting in life, I would say to him: "Cleverness is all very well, but remember that it is as nothing unless you have moral backbone. Learn not to be afraid to stand up for whatever you think is right, no matter how unpopular your action may make you. And, finally, don't be in too great a hurry to get on. 'Slow and sure' is a good working motto to hold before you."

John Johnson

A GENTLEMAN bought a new variety of potatoes, and told his gardener to be sure and plant them far enough apart.

"Well, Sam, did you plant the potatoes far apart, as I told you?"

Sam: "I did, sir; I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are four miles apart."

My Notebook.

Please don't Worry the Bridegroom. He has enough Trouble on Hand.

Now that Lent is well over quite a number of young people are getting married. I want to put in a plea for the unfortunate bridegroom. The actual wedding day has always been a day of misery to the groom, and he is usually pretty glad to see the end of it. But there is a tendency at present to devise new tortures for him. It isn't fair. Practical jokes are becoming the order of the day. Even amongst people of reserve, breeding, and position, the horseplay that sometimes goes on is inconceivable. Tricks are devised and carried out with a brutal disregard of a moment sacred to the departure of a young woman from her home and her parents. Carriages and horses may be "decorated" in some ways, a card "we are just married" be placed on the handle of the door, and a dozen other means be devised of being foolish and thoughtless, some of which would not look very well in plain print.

Many a bridegroom would rather have one honest clip under the ear with an old boot and consider his troubles over for the day, than suffer the hide-and-seek purgatory of not knowing what moment some new and unexpected terror will confront him.

So, please give the poor bridegroom a chance. He has trouble enough on hand without your adding to it. And if you see others about to play tricks upon him, please tell them how thoughtless and foolish they are. Tell them that this man is trying to live up to the good opinion his wife has formed about him, and that if he doesn't look much of a hero, he is doing the best he can. Don't let him be made ridiculous in her eyes. Otherwise it may just happen that some day a poor badgered groom will, in worried desperation, turn upon some over-audacious joker and shoot him.

The Sunday Dinner.

A BACHELOR wants me to become the most unpopular man in the country. He says: "Why don't you use your pen to talk about the absurdity of eating the big mid-day Sunday dinner, &c.?"

I don't think that anything I could say would help in this respect. It is fruitless to attack an unreasonable thing with reasons. There is one good reason for the Sunday dinner at one o'clock instead of seven. It allows the rest of the day to be free from cooking. But there is no reason for its bigness. The way the average person stuffs during the Sunday dinner would be funny to watch if it were not so serious a question.

Reasoning intelligent human beings will eat very lightly in the middle of the day for six days in the week. They will eat their principal meal at seven. On Sunday a man becomes a boa constrictor. The whole family become boas. The average man eats about three times more than is good for him, and spends the rest of the day trying to keep awake. The intellectual loss which the country sustains by giving over its principal day of rest to the sacred act of gluttony might make an interesting statistical article. I commend it to those who work out such things.

At what Age is a Woman Most Interesting?

When a woman is about twelve months old, and you can put a soft pillow on the floor, and place her on it, and you can get down there yourself with no thought of spoiling your clothes, and you can go and boo to her, and she can cackle back at you, and fight you off with her bare feet, and pull your whiskers, and soil your tie with her sticky fingers, and you can be a pair of simple allies, and have the goodness of good times together, don't you think you want a woman to be like that for ever and ever?

When a woman is somewhere round about fifteen and seventeen, with her hair all fluff and flows around her face and shoulders, or in a plait down her back, and she becomes boisterous and wants to take you as a chum; when she has got beyond the patronising kissing age, and you feel you must shake her by the hand only in welcome, and you don't want to, don't you want all the world of women to be like that?

When Jones asks you to come to dinner and meet his young wife, and you go, and you sit next to her at dinner, and she insists upon you sitting next to her on the couch in the drawing-room after dinner, and she will put the sugar in your coffee herself, and will purr all round you, and wants to know if you like this and like that, don't you want to sign and wish for the good old days when it was easy to kill a man like Jones?

And when a woman is forty, with all her wit and intelligence, and grace and charm, full flavoured, isn't that the acme of every virtue, and hope of happiness?

And finally when a woman, white haired, quiet and feeble, sits over in a cosy corner with knitting needles in her fingers, or a Bible on her lap, doesn't an arm of you want to go stealing round her, or the lips touch her on the cheek or brow, and don't you feel a reverence and a heart throb that you never felt before?

I don't know at what age a woman is most interesting. Do you?

The Story of a Bear and the Man who found a Fur Coat.

In reply to HARBOUR, I haven't the slightest bit of sympathy for you. The long letter you sent was a clever letter. It shows you to be a clever and intelligent man, and yet you whine. You have made good progress in the world, and through no fault of your own your firm is about to put up the shutters. At your age, twenty-nine, that is not disastrous to you. It isn't anything to whine and weep about. It's only a misfortune. It's a trial to you. Don't make a life sentence of it.

There is somebody somewhere who wants a man something like you. You've got to find him. But don't go looking for him with a black band round your hat, and a wet pocket handkerchief in your hand. Go out looking for him with a clear, glad eye.

You see, HARBOUR, it's this way. There are quite a number of people like yourself who love to hug their own grief. They are all right when things are going all right. But adversity brings out the value of a man. It makes him display the energy that is really in him—the energy lying dormant for the want of being tested. More fools are made successful by the men who employ them, than heads of businesses are really helped by people like yourself. Think that well over. It's worth it. Now that you are on your own, you have got to ask yourself very seriously what you are going to do about it. It isn't worth a minute of the time of a seemingly intelligent man like yourself to ask anybody else's advice. It's folly to say that you are disheartened. It's cowardly. Go hunting around. Nobody yet was born without there being something on earth for him to do. Something is bound to turn up. But do it intelligently and with ability. Don't do it in the way that Monsieur Papillion went hunting for bears.

Perhaps you never heard that story. Well, a very wild bear broke loose from a menagerie in a country town in France. For some days it was a terror throughout the district. It scared many timid people, and destroyed sheep, and cattle, and horses. The man who owned the menagerie had got into a good deal of trouble by this time in the way of bills for damage brought against him. So he said that anybody who would shoot the bear might keep the skin. It would make a good fur coat for a motorist, for instance, or a rug. So a number of people with guns chased the bear into a wood. Monsieur Papillion was one of them. He owned a gun and a motor-car. He knew more about motor-cars than guns. However, he was after the sport. So he penetrated into the wood, and, sure enough, there was the bear only a few yards away. And a very fierce and hungry bear he looked. "Hullo," said Monsieur Papillion, "there's my fur coat." "Hullo," said the bear, "there's my dinner." Papillion fired and missed. The bear made a rush. It also ate Monsieur Papillion. You see, in that way both Papillion and the bear achieved their objects. The bear got his dinner and Monsieur had a fur coat round him.

Now, HARBOUR, you don't want to go out looking for a fur coat on those lines. But you will find such a fur coat, without doubt, if you go hunting in the simple way and unprepared manner that your despondent letter indicates. If you can get anybody to adopt you as a pet lamb you may get a good deal of sympathy and plenty to eat. But if you want to have a real good human time, you want to think that, if there is any manhood left in you at all, I am about the best friend you ever have had or ever will have, and that the jacketing I have given you has been worth something like a guinea a word to you. Somebody really does want you. It ought to be an interesting game to find that man. Why not try it.

The Third Column of this Page.

I did not write them. I have no knowledge of the writer. I am told that they were sent in by a reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, who is endeavouring to qualify for my position on this paper. The Notebook in question does not seem to me as though the writer could have taken himself seriously. It seems to me that unless a writer can take himself seriously, his readers will never do so. Of course, if this is a parody and a skit, I have nothing further to say.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

M. N't.b.k.

(With Apologies to P.K.)

How Many Buttons has Your Vest?

Young man, can you say, without troubling to look, how many buttons there are on your vest? A waistcoat would be a pretty poor thing without buttons, wouldn't it? Yet how many of you can tell good chalk from cheese, or a barrel from a bung? Are you going to be a cabbage all the days of your life? I want to make you think. Just listen to the plain story of Mr. Jones and his Boots.

Once upon a time there was a man—we'll call him Jones—who was in the habit of wearing boots. We all wear boots—more or less. And boots, like anything else, suffer from wear and tear. Most people throw old boots away. This Mr. Jones didn't. When a hole appeared in the sole, Jones simply gummed a patch on the inside and continued to wear the diseased boot. Probably it saved him many pounds. It saved him lots of time. And by-and-by, when a partnership became vacant in his firm, Jones was sent for. Jones gained the esteem of his employers by patching his boots and saving time. You can do that. Everybody can do it. I told you it was a pretty poor tale, but it's worth thinking about. Young man, count your waistcoat buttons. Do it NOW!

What Every Husband Owe his Wife.

You married men, do you ever ponder as you jingle ha'pence in your pockets on a blue Monday, as to whether or not, after all, your wife is receiving the consideration she deserves? A pretty poor place home would be for you but for that patient little woman who mends your clothes, darns your socks, and mothers your children for nothing a week but her board and lodging. Who, when your shirt neckband gets a trifle tight or your collar-stud makes excursions on the floor, put things right for you?

I say, do you ever ponder over it? Perhaps you do. Perhaps you don't. Then be advised. Take your wife into your confidence. She's a woman. You loved her—once. A Redskin brave has no secrets from his squaws. Be a Redskin.

The Craving of Mr. Wilkinson.

As a small boy, I smoked cane. Most boys who are real boys smoke cane. It's not tobacco. It isn't even a good substitute for dried raspberry leaves. But it's better than brown paper. However, that has nothing to do with what I am about to say. I merely mention it to excite your interest. Does it never occur to you that you are a fool-man? You go through the world with your eyes open, yet see nothing. You lounge at the corner whilst Opportunity knocks at your door in the next street to find you absent. You rise in the morning with an eerie feeling in your head. You mope, you growl, you mourn, you blame everybody but yourself. Did you ever hear the story of Mr. Wilkinson and The Jugged Hare?

This Mr. Wilkinson was a clever man. As a youth he took all the prizes at school, and he was always the first boy in his class. And by-and-by, when Wilkinson had made his mark in a world of ups and downs, he developed a craving—an insatiable craving—for jugged hare. He ate jugged hare, he talked jugged hare, he wrote jugged hare. He read of it, dreamt of it, sang of it, and finally he became President of a Jugged Hare Club. Then, in course of time, Mr. Wilkinson did a very foolish thing. He died. Of what he died I leave you to guess.

Think along the lines of that story. Wilkinson had a weakness. Have you a weakness? Get on or get out.

Holiday Hints for Bright Boys.

I WANT to say a few words to you, boys, this week. The holidays will soon be here. Bright, sunny days, when you will fling Euclid aside and rummage out bat and ball, wicket, and ball. But I want you to leave cricket alone a bit. Have a change. Come with me. Instead of bowling overs take country rambles. And perchance in your walks you may come across a fine old country house. Then stop, every boy-jack of you. Open the gates. Walk boldly in. Now shy a large smooth stone through the front door panel. Make no noise, but keep your pecker up. Remember an Englishman's house is his castle. And presently, when the proprietor makes his appearance, which he is nearly sure to do if he isn't in the Riviera or elsewhere, ask him—quietly and intelligently—to show you his cucumber frames, or his conservatory, or his library, or anything that is his. Then await developments.

I will give a golden guinea to the boy who is capable of sending me the most vivid account of the sequel.

PETER H.A.Y. (Mr. Notebook).



Mysteries and Fortunes
Pledged with "Uncle."

The Byron Letters were Security for a Loan during
a Number of Years.

Thieves and Misers have Pawned Valuables for
Safety.

It is a fairly well-known fact that the half-sister of Lord Byron, being in need of money, negotiated a loan with the then head of the famous publishing house of Murray, and deposited as security a sealed box containing the letters written to her by the famous poet.

These letters were supposed to contain secrets of Byron's private life which would have made a tremendous stir had they been given to the world. Therefore they might fairly be said to have represented a fortune to a publisher. But although the box remained in the possession of Mr Murray for many years, its seals were never broken, and eventually it was generously surrendered without the loan being repaid.

Exactly what the box did contain will never be known now. And the same element of mystery attaches to pledges which are left every now and again, not with eminent publishers, but with prosaic "uncles" of the pawnshops.

THE PAWNBROKER AS A GOOD ANGEL.

Among the well-to-do, who never have occasion to pay him business visits, there is an impression that the "presiding genius of the three starry orbs," as the immortal Mr. Richard Swiveller might have styled the pawnbroker, is a bugbear and a bloodsucker to the poor. He isn't. Very often he is the best friend they have. He is their good angel—and their banker.

By the irony of fate, poor folk who haven't got a sixpence are sometimes the owners of property which it is well worth while to trust to a banker. They are in possession of secrets, mysteries, the keys to hidden treasures. Sometimes they know it, and occasionally they don't. But the fact remains that secrets for which hundreds and even thousands of pounds would have been readily paid have, ere this, been pledged with an accommodating "uncle" in return for a temporary advance of a few shillings.

A very dramatic instance was afforded by the case of a scoundrel who extorted money from various rich people on the strength of some compromising papers which he had stolen while he was a lawyer's clerk, and the contents of which those whom he blackmailed very strongly objected to having published. He got wind of the fact that the police were likely to pay him an unexpected call to search for what he had stolen.

THE BIBLE AND THE VIOLIN.

Not trusting to any hiding-place in the furnished room he occupied, he split open the thick covers of a large family Bible, and, after inserting the documents, glued everything up again so neatly that nobody could have told that he had done anything. Then he pledged the book at the pawnbroker's round the corner for half-a-crown. When the police raided him they turned everything upside down in vain.

Another rogue who found a friend in need in his avuncular relation was a daring bank-note forger. He had in his possession certain engraved plates and special paper, which, as he well knew, would ensure him penal servitude if the police or detectives found them in his possession.

But he did not wish to destroy them if he happened to be hard pushed. So he kept in readiness an old violin, in the body of which he constructed an ingeniously designed receptacle, and whenever he scented danger he thrust the plates and paper into this and hastily "popped" the lot at a pawnbroker's shop in a suburb of London several miles away from where he lived.

It is not, of course, only criminals who pledge their secrets with "uncle." Honest folk find a safe deposit at the sign of the golden balls. And sometimes they forget to mention the fact to other people, and things happen in consequence.

A FORTUNE IN PAWN TICKETS.

There was an elderly gentleman whom his relations strongly suspected of being a miser. He departed this life so hurriedly that he had no time to make any confidences or give any instructions. Then his kindred were full of sorrow—because they could not find a penny. There was not a trace of money in the house.

No searchings revealed anything except a pile of pawn-tickets for a collection of miscellaneous articles which had been pledged with various pawnbrokers.

The heirs burnt them in disgust, and came to the reluctant conclusion that their relative must have been miserably poor after all, since he had been forced to pawn his wretched possessions to buy bread.

Years afterwards, when the heirs were all dead, one of the pawnbrokers routed out from a lumber room a pair of china dogs, on which he had advanced the old man the sum of eighteenpence. He accidentally dropped one of these ornaments, and a roll of bank-notes tumbled out. The other dog proved equally valuable. Both had been broken by the miser, stuffed, and skilfully mended.

It was impossible to trace all his property, but there was no doubt that he had concealed all his money in all sorts of objects, which he had then left at the pawnbroker's. He had known they were safe, and had renewed the pledges at due intervals.

An old lady lived and died in poverty because an ancient marriage certificate, which would have established her right to a large fortune in Chancery, was lost. After she was in her grave the certificate was found at the back of a picture which her husband had framed. Not realising the value of the paper, he had used it to stiffen the picture. He had not thought the circumstance worth mentioning, and afterwards, falling on evil times, had pawned the work of art for a couple of shillings.

A SECRET TREATY IN UNCLE'S CARE.

A particular family did not lose their fortune through "uncle," but they came very near to doing so. The mother inherited from a relation some shares in a gold mine, which were considered worthless. But she thought that "they might turn out some good," and put them carefully away, and died.

The father of the family was a man of the Micawber stamp—only more so. He was continually abstracting articles from the household stock and pawning them, without telling his children anything about it. In the course of time the shares in the gold mine became valuable, but could not be found. At last one of the daughters remembered that her mother had placed them in a secret drawer in an old desk. And this desk the father had deposited with "uncle" for a much smaller sum than a sovereign. It was a weary time before the desk could be traced and redeemed, but its precious contents were found intact.

Among other items left with pawnbrokers may be mentioned a secret treaty, which was in the temporary charge of a foreign diplomatist in London. The divulgence of its terms might have led to a European war, and he was in terror of being robbed of it by desperadoes who were ready to murder him to get hold of it. So, to baffle these gentry and throw them off the track, he sewed the treaty in the lining of an old coat and "put it up the spout" at the establishment of an "uncle," who never guessed what a unique garment he had in charge.

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth,
When the world is full of unnumbered joys.
In the beautiful dawn of youth
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.
Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide:
To the holy thoughts that lit your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Headless of class or creed.
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need.
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave.
Open the door of your heart.

(How do you feel about the F.A.F. after reading this poem? Remember ninepence pays for a day's outing for a little one. Open the door of your heart!)

"Is your daughter going to make her debut this season, Mrs. Parvenu?"
"No, indeed! Madame Pakin attends to all that. We don't have to do our own sewing no more."

A BARRISTER once pleaded with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had finished, his learned friend on the other side, with a supercilious sneer, remarked that he did not understand a word the other had said.

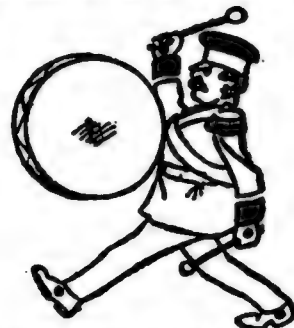
"I believe it, for I was expounding law!" said the first speaker.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Nuts to Crack.

POINTS AND PICTURES.

AMONG the many openings for pleasant fun in the home circle, there is none which appeals more easily to young and old than the good old puzzle of drawing off-hand some fanciful figure, based on five dots placed at random, which must fall on the face, hands, and feet of



the subject chosen. This spirited specimen shows how well it may be done, and similar efforts, more or less successful, will provoke much amusement. Try it with pencil or pen and ink.

A CLOSE FRIEND.

A FRIEND to all the human race,
From emperor to peasant,
None is more missed when out of place,
More handy, too, when present.

Obedient to the general will
I yield to due control;
And yet the public twist me, till
They put me in a hole!

ALPHA BETA.

THERE are two English words which contain each of them ten letters, and six of these are a, b, c, d, e, f, the first six letters of the alphabet. Can you build up either or both of them without looking at the solution?

FIGURE IT OUT.

SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY so ordered may be,
That if you divide the whole number by three
You find the result will exactly express
The half of six hundred and sixty, no less.

AN ENIGMA.

THIS is of fellowship and token;
Reverse it, and the bond is broken.

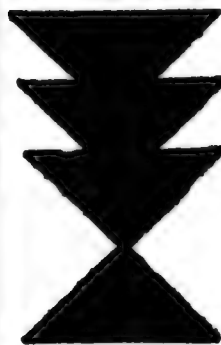
A CHAMPION RIDDLE.

HERE is one of the very best riddles in the world. Quite simple in its form, it is difficult to discover, and when found the solution comes as a pleasing surprise. The Squirrel advises his young friends to make a special note of it.

"Woman is my end, was my beginning, and you will find her in my midst."

A PUZZLE IN BLACK.

THIS strange figure is an arrangement of seven pieces, which in another combination would form a perfect square, and have been cut out from one. Take a square of black or coloured paper, and mark it out into seven pieces, which, without any overlapping, can be built up exactly into this curious shape. The square appeared in issue dated April 12th. It is a good plan to cut out, and keep as a collection, puzzles of this kind, with their diagrams and solutions. A good Puzzle Album is a perpetual feast.

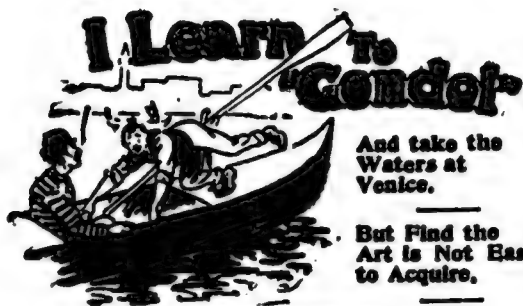


THE WILY WAYFARER.

"GIVE me as much money as I have in my hand," said Will Slimly to the landlord of a country inn, "and I will spend sixpence with you." This was done, and repeated twice with the cash that was still in hand, and then the traveller was penniless. How much had he at first, and how much did the landlord contribute to Will's refreshment?



We do not ask for solutions.
These will be found on the
last page of this paper.



By Mr. P. Doublyou.

WHEN I left his office after receiving instructions for my journey to Athens as a competitor in the celebrated Olympic Games, the Editor fondly imagined that I intended to travel to Brindisi, as he had arranged with his usual officiousness, with the British team of athletes—other athletes, if you please—on Easter Monday.

I know better, however. After burning half a gallon of best midnight oil, and wrestling for three successive nights into the small hours with a Continental Bradshaw, I had discovered that it was possible to reach Athens by way of Venice and Trieste, taking a steamer from the latter place to Patras.

Now, Venice is a place that I have always had a great desire to visit. Ever since my experiences at "Venice in London" I have been consumed with curiosity to see the real place with its wonderful canal-streets, and boat-vehicles.

A LIVE FEATHER BED.

Besides, I had been warned against over-training, and I decided that a couple of days spent in Venice, reclining at ease in a gondola propelled in and out the many waterways by a swarthy and picturesque gondolier, would break the monotonous fatigue of the journey, and would bring me to Athens fresh and lively as a cricket.

The first thing one does in Venice is to find the Piazza S. Marco, or St. Mark's Square, the great open promenade, which is fronted by the celebrated St. Mark's Church. The next step is to find the tame pigeons, of which a large flock is maintained at the expense of the city. There is a hawk who sits outside the church, and sells little packets of grain to those who wish to feed the birds, and though the greedy beggars are fed regularly by the official hand at two o'clock, there are always large numbers of them ready to burst their crops rather than disappoint the bountiful stranger.

After buying up the entire stock of the grain-vendor (at the Editor's expense), I threw it freely about me. The pigeons rallied their scattered forces, and concentrated a united attack upon me. Pigeons to right of me, pigeons to left of me, pigeons in front of me, behind me, perched on my hands, walking over my face, sitting on my hat! I began to think I should be suffocated by a live feather bed.

GONDOLING AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

After exhausting my stock of grain, and having plucked the last pigeon out of my hair, I strolled past the Doge's Palace to the quay. Just opposite me were a number of crooked stakes driven irregularly into the water alongside a landing-place, and between these lay several long, black, snaky boats.

As I approached I heard a sudden cry of "Gondola, gondola!" and a picturesque, unshaven ruffian, dressed somewhat like a sailor, but wearing an elaborately battered black felt hat, advanced towards me, and pointed towards the water.

My intentions appeared to have been exactly anticipated, so summoning to my aid all the Italian I could muster, I replied, with impressive dignity, "Si, si!" This, I may proudly remark, means "Yes, yes." The unshaven but picturesque ruffian, doffing his elaborately battered black felt hat with the grace of a nobleman, ushered me into his gondola, and in a few moments was paddling me down the Grand Canal towards the famous Rialto Bridge.

Now, I have long cherished an ambition to be a gondolier. Privately I may remark that I am considered rather a dab at most things on the river, and I have always felt that it would be a crowning feat to add "gondoling" to my accomplishments in watermanship.

IT SEEMED SO SIMPLE.

Accordingly I watched my gondolier very carefully. It seemed quite simple. All he did was to place his oar in a notch of the curved and crooked piece of wood which acts as a tholepin, dig the blade in the water, and push.

He finished the stroke, I noticed, with a sharp, downward chop of the arms, and, after careful study, I came to the conclusion that in this peculiar movement lay the secret of the art of "gondoling."

It took some time to explain to my unshaven, but picturesque, ruffian that I wanted to change places with him. At one time I think he thought he had to deal with one of those mad Britons whom every prudent foreigner is prepared to meet, and threatened to brain me with his oar. Several times the gondola was nearly upset before I managed to make him understand, by means of vigorous pantomimic action,

that I wanted to relieve him as steersman and propeller.

When at length he comprehended, it was evident that his suspicions of me as a mad Briton were justly confirmed. He cast his elaborately battered black felt hat into the bottom of the boat, raised his hands despairingly to heaven, and, resignedly giving up the oar to me, sank into the cushions—a picture of huddled-up expostulation.

There was a good deal of excitement amongst the occupants of the passing gondolas when I proudly stepped up to the gondolier's narrow perch, and, with my sleeves rolled in the best up-river fashion, lightly caught up the oar.

At least, that is what I tried to do. I found, however, that the oar refused to be lightly caught up. It was decidedly heavy and unwieldy, and the immediate result of my effort to manipulate it was that I very nearly tumbled overboard.

On recovering myself, the next thing I discovered was that the oar also refused to stay in the notch of the upstanding tholepin against which I placed it. Just as I was about to begin a stroke it slipped out, and the gondola, instead of gliding forward, waggled foolishly and lay still.

This happened so often as almost to become monotonous. At last, however, by means of a sudden push, I managed to make the blade grip the water, and began a splendid stroke. I leaned forward, and put all the beef of my arms into the pressure which I exerted against the bending oar. The gondola leaped forward bravely.

MASTERING THE KNACK.

Not forgetting the cunning downward chop with which I had observed the gondolier ended his stroke, as soon as I had driven the blade well through the water, I gave a similar jerk with my arms.

As I did so the oar jumped out of the water, and I, losing my balance, toppled over, face foremost, into the gondola.

Evidently the Venetians have the true sporting spirit, for they cheered this gallant effort on my part with delighted shouts and clapping of hands. I was the centre now of a large circle of gondolas, whose occupants egged me on to a further trial with enthusiastic cries. The slopes of the Rialto Bridge were thronged with spectators.

My gondolier, who was evidently afraid of his boat capsizing, made vain efforts to regain his oar. But I was on my mettle, and quelled him with a look. The manner in which I resumed the correct gondoliering attitude—one leg well to the fore—was, I think, both dignified and graceful.

After a good many fruitless endeavours, during which my gondolier was reduced to a state of limp and despairing coma, I succeeded in mastering the knack of propelling the boat fairly well. I found it difficult, however, to steer, and only avoided several awkward collisions by the skill with which the gondolieri manœuvred their craft out of the way.

A BACKWATER.

Suddenly, just as I was pursuing a wobbly course past the mouth of a small side canal, I heard a warning shout, and out shot from the narrow waterway another gondola—right across my bows!

Without quite knowing what I did, I gave my oar a sudden twist which, to my astonishment and relief, had the effect of slewing my gondola sharply round. In another moment we had slid neatly round the corner into the side canal.

This masterly feat was greeted with uproarious "Bravos" from the spectators, and the flotilla of gondolas followed me up so closely that there was no other course open to me except to continue along the narrow channel in which I found myself.

Privately, I was not sorry for this, as I was able to push the gondola along by catching hold of the ledges on either wall.

The cheers of the spectators behind were so gratifying, however, that I felt the least I could do was gracefully to acknowledge them. Turning round, therefore, I placed one hand on my heart, and with the other took off my hat with a magnificent flourish.

Unfortunately, at this moment, the gondola slid under one of those low bridges which cross the canals of Venice at frequent intervals and to pass under which the gondolier is obliged to stoop.

In the middle of my bow, I received a severe blow on the back of the head. The next moment I was in the water and clutching with despairing grip the oar which a friendly gondolier held out to me.

I draw a veil over what followed. But I can taste Venice still.

(Next week we shall publish the story of Mr. P. Doublyou's first day in Athens.)

Special to Jewellers.

Every Jeweller who takes an interest in his business should get a copy of this week's PEARSON'S WEEKLY, dated 1 May 1906. The number is especially interesting to watchmakers and Jewellers, and P.W. readers who have friends in this profession would do well to mention it to them. A man who knows all branches of the business tells . . .

HOW TO SUCEED AS A JEWELLER.

and the articles appealing to Jewellers are:—"When Jewels have Swayed Nations," "Diseases which Watchmen Have," "Where Everyone Invests in Jewellery," "Jewels that May Not be Sold."

Interesting to everyone are:—"The Secrets of Success," "The Romance of Sir Walter Raleigh," "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son," "Great Statesmen's Daily Duties." There are other articles, anecdotes, and a thrilling gipsy serial.

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

ONE PENNY.

OUR LAST COLUMN.

The Last Occasion upon which there took place Customs which have now Vanished.

The Prince Consort and Duelling.

DUELING once took place in England as well as on the Continent, but public opinion, led by the Prince Consort, stopped the practice, the last big duel being on the 20th May, 1845, when Lieut. Hawkey killed Lieut. Seton.

Buried at the Cross Roads.

THE barbarous idea of burying the body of a suicide at four cross roads, after driving a stake through it, once the authorised custom and insisted upon, was carried out for the last time when some poor wretch, weary of life, died by his own hand, in July, 1823.

The Last of the Runners.

A DISTINCT feature of English life were the famous Bow Street Runners, clever men attached to districts, employed to run to earth offenders and serve them with warrants; but the last time they did their work was in 1829, after which the police detectives superseded them.

The "Patent Houses."

TO the "Patent Houses," that is Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, were once given the sole right of performing Shakespeare's plays and the "legitimate drama," this exclusiveness being last exercised during the season of 1843, when all playhouses were put on the same footing.

The M.P.'s Privilege.

MEMBERS of Parliament, and certain others in high places, used to enjoy the privilege of sending letters through the post free of charge, by franking them as it was termed; a privilege used by them for the last time upon the 9th of January, 1840, the system being abolished next day.

Voting by Proxy.

OUR noble legislators, when they thought it not worth while, or when incapacitated from going down to the House of Lords, used to be allowed to vote by proxy. They themselves saw the anomaly of it, and enjoyed the distinction for the last time during the session of 1867-8, when they forbade it on their own accord.

The Tax on Knowledge.

ALL English newspapers used to be taxed for every separate copy, before it could be sold, the tax varying at periods from one penny to fourpence. The last issue to bear this tax which took the form of a stamp affixed to each copy was that for 14th June, 1855, after which day they were free, with the result that newspapers soon multiplied.

The Last of the Ducking Stool.

THE quaint, but severe, punishment of the "ducking stool" is no longer in vogue. A chair was attached to the end of a plank over a stream, and the culprit strapped to it. The plank was then worked see-saw fashion, the chair and occupant rising in the air, and then being ducked into the water, and so on for some time. It was last brought into play at Loominster in 1809.

Parliament and the Death of the Sovereign.

BY the death of the Sovereign, Parliament used to be automatically dissolved, and a General Election took place to elect a fresh Parliament, even if the one dissolved were still in its first session. This is so no longer, and the last time Parliament was thus dissolved was at the death of William IV., June, 1837, when the Whigs, under Lord Melbourne, who had been in office, were returned to power.

Elected at the Hustings.

THE old merry election system of the "hustings" was that by which the rival candidates on polling day occupied platforms erected in the same inclosed open air space, and harangued the crowd against each other, while the electors came up to the tables by these platforms and openly voted for their man. Such a system, as may easily be imagined, led frequently to lively scenes, and was last practised when Mr. John Farley, Leith, was elected for Aberdeen at the end of June, 1872.

The Purchase of Commissions.

THOSE who could afford it used to enter the Army by purchasing a commission, and also work their way up the several grades by purchasing promotion, the prices varying from £450 to £7,250, more being often paid to induce an officer to sell out; but this indefensible plan was utilised for the last time when a batch of officers purchased commissions of different ranks, at the end of October 1871. Since then entrance to the Army has been by competition, and promotion by seniority and selection.

The Banner in the Battle.

WHAT glorious memories centre round the Colours of our regiments! What struggles took place round them! And how inspiring to the soldier was the sight of them on the field of battle! But they will never be seen there again, the carrying of the Colours into action being abolished by Lord Wolseley, as too dangerously attracting the fire of the enemy and giving him too obvious a mark to aim at. Colours were carried into action for the last time upon the stricken field of Omdurman, 2nd September, 1898, by the British regiments that helped to win the day.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE?

NEW SERIAL STORY.

START BELOW.

WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Clatter of the Clogs," "Dolores," "The Shadow of Her Sin," "Rags and Riches," etc., etc.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"—LAURENCE HOPE.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DOROTHY BLESSINGTON is on her holidays at Saul Sands, in Devonshire, a long stretch of almost deserted beach near the town of Kingsford.

In London, Dorothy acts as typist and secretary to Harry Desmond, an author, who has repeatedly proposed marriage to her.

In Devonshire she meets Grace Willoughby, a girl exactly like her in appearance, the two being so startlingly alike that each might take the other for the reflection of herself.

Grace Willoughby is married to a wealthy man, who bestows every gift the world can give upon her—everything but love, and it is for this one thing that Grace longs.

Dorothy, upon the other hand, having felt the pinch of poverty, and being obliged to work hard for her living, has one absorbing ambition, and that—to be wealthy. She sees the rich clothing and many beautiful rings and trinkets of her new friend, and the feeling of envy grows upon her.

Woman-like, Grace Willoughby delights in the experience of being thus envied, and secretly wires to London for the full wardrobe of all her richest and most costly dresses, so that each day she may dazzle the eyes of her poorer double with their beauties.

One day a storm breaks while the two girls are bathing together, and Dorothy, cast up on the beach, finds herself alone. A terrible fear becomes a certainty in her mind—Grace Willoughby is drowned.

She hears the voice of the woman the waves have carried away, the voice of her other self; it repeats some wild words spoken on the very spot where now she crouches, spoken an hour before:

"If it were possible, I'd willingly give you my husband, and if you could win his love—"

Scarce knowing what she does, she dresses in the dead woman's garments, puts on the rings and trinkets, and climbs up the cliff to gain the road.

Here in the blinding rain a great motor-car dashes past her, but the solitary occupant seems to recognise her, and turns his car.

"Get in," he says, when once again his car comes near. In a few moments she is being driven along through the rain, and it gradually dawns upon her that the man by her side is Grace Willoughby's husband.

She tries to speak—to tell the whole truth, but she is frightened and weak, and she lets herself be taken to the hotel and be led off to Grace Willoughby's room.

Here—tired out with the exciting events of the morning—she sinks into sleep. She awakes—determined to tell the truth, but illness prevents her, and the few words she does blurt out are mistaken for the ravings of fever.

Meanwhile Frank Willoughby—Grace's husband—finds a new something he cannot understand about his wife as she lies dangerously ill in the hotel. The local doctor tells him how serious her illness is, and he forgets everything about his business and his engagements in London, and waits on day after day till the crisis shall be past.

Dorothy gets better, and Frank is able to speak to her. He has always loved his wife, but now in some strange way he finds his love is increased a hundred-fold, and he believes that she is beginning to return his love.

"I saw love in your face," he says to her; "your eyes are no longer cold when you look at me, as they used to be—there's something in them, something I have longed and prayed to see! Grace, you are beginning to feel, to understand! Tell me that it's so; I will be very patient—I will wait until you are quite, quite sure; but tell me, at least, that you no longer feel it's impossible for you to ever love me!"

And Dorothy can no longer hide the truth from him or from herself. She loves him, and she tells him so.

Frank Willoughby finds a new joy in life. He has won his wife's love. Happy in the fact, he urges her to go with him on a new honeymoon; but Dorothy is fearful, and keeps postponing the time, till at last the eventful day is fixed.

And upon the eve of that eventful day the real Grace Willoughby—not dead as Dorothy has supposed, but saved from the sea—returns to the precincts of the hotel.

And during the night Dorothy, unable to maintain her false position any longer, slips out of the hotel, and Grace slips in and goes to bed.

In the morning Frank Willoughby—bursting with joy in the new-found love of his wife—knocks at her door and enters her room. There is a coldness in the greeting that he receives that chills him, there is a lack of the loving manner which he has known during the last few days. His wife has become as cold to him as she used to be.

CHAPTER IX (continued).

Willoughby drew slowly back from the bed. The resentment that had for the moment sprung to his face faded away, and gave place to an expression of fear. This terribly sudden change, not only in his wife's face, but in her whole bearing, voice, manner, everything, was most alarming. It was so unaccountable. Though her recovery had been very slow and tedious for the last week, though perhaps showing signs of her illness, and perhaps unaccountably nervous at times, she had been otherwise in perfect health. And yesterday—only yesterday they had confessed their love, looking forward to their future life of perfect happiness together!

Willoughby walked to the window and hid his face in his hands; for the moment the shock was rather overpowering. But as soon as he had absolute control over himself again he turned to his wife's side and took her hand.

"You are feeling ill again, dear," he said gently. "I am so sorry I disturbed you; it was thoughtless of me. But yesterday—"

"What about yesterday?" she interrupted, raising her eyes curiously.

He let his own eyes meet hers. She gazed at him coldly; there seemed to be no affection in them—no understanding—certainly no love.

"Oh! nothing," he replied quietly, dropping her hand. "If I leave you now, will you promise me to sleep and not to get up until I return? Mrs. Amery will see you have all you want."

"I'll promise," she replied carelessly. "I think I can sleep right through the day."

"Good. Try to do so."

Again he kissed her, but met with no response, and slowly he left the room. All the youth had gone from his step, all the love from his heart; he felt absolutely crushed, beaten, and broken!

He hastily ate the breakfast Mrs. Amery had prepared, and left instructions that his wife was not to be disturbed until mid-day, and that if she gave any signs of growing worse or getting feverish the doctor was to be sent for immediately.

"Then you won't be leaving to-day?" Mrs. Amery panted.

"No," Willoughby replied; "I am going to run up to Exeter, for I feel I ought to consult a specialist. Of course, if necessary, I shall go on to London; in that case I shall not be back to-night. I can trust you to look after my wife and send for the doctor if she becomes worse?"

"Yes," replied the good soul sympathetically, "yes; we will look after her as if her was our own child. Poor dear, her seemed so well yesterday, too, her did!"

Half an hour later Willoughby was tearing in his motor-car towards Exeter at the rate of thirty miles an hour. And when about mid-day Grace Willoughby rang her bell and ordered some coffee and toast to be brought her, she was surprised to learn from Mrs. Amery that her husband had gone away for the day, and might possibly not return until to-morrow.

"Didn't he leave any message for me?" she asked curiously.

"No, my dear," Mrs. Amery replied kindly; "except perhaps his love. He's a tender husband, he is, if ever there was one—I think he's gone up to see a specialist."

"A specialist!"

"Yes, my dear; a specialist," continued the good, ignorant old soul—"a brain specialist, because, you know, you do get light-headed. Don't you worry yourself; you'll be all right in a day or two."

And when she was alone Grace Willoughby laughed softly to herself, and, creeping out of bed, ran to the mirror and looked at her reflection; then she walked to the wardrobe and opened each drawer one by one, peered into the cupboards, and unlocked her dress basket.

"I wonder," she said slowly to herself, "if the impossible has happened—if she did take my place—and in these short hours has won my husband's love?" Again she laughed hysterically. "No, no," she cried creeping back to her bed. "It's impossible, it's impossible, and yet—it must be so. . . . And if she has won his heart for me!"

CHAPTER X.

"Downcast and long although my lashes be,
Thine eyes have burnt into the heart of me."

GRACE WILLOUGHBY had just finished what Mrs. Amery called a meat tea, and she had started for a walk along the cliffs, when she met a telegraph boy coming from the village. Instinctively she guessed that the wire was from her husband, and, visitors being rare at Rock Inn, the messenger evidently guessed that she was the intended recipient of the telegram.

"Be you Mrs. Willoughby?" he asked, fingering the red envelope.

"Yes," Grace replied quickly. "Is that for me?"

"It says 'Mrs. Willoughby,' sure enough," the boy

replied, handing over the wire. "Does her want an answer?"

Grace tore open the envelope, read the brief message curiously, then shook her head.

"No answer, thank you."

She read the message twice before finally tearing it up and letting the wind carry it away seaward: "I am staying the night in London. Shall return to-morrow evening. Wire me if you are not well. Love.—FRANK."

It was only the last two words of the telegram that interested her: "Love.—FRANK."

He had often wired to her before during the years they had been married. Indeed, when parted, which was fairly often, most of their correspondence had been through the medium of the telegraph office or else the telephone; but the word "love" had never entered into it before. What did it mean now? That was the question Grace Willoughby asked herself—the question she would have given much to answer. Of course, her husband had always loved her, she had to own that much to herself, but somehow it was a love that met with no response in her own heart. She wanted to be loved, she wanted to be loved, that had been her cry ever since her wedding day; that had been her confession to Dorothy Blessington, and Dorothy Blessington had only smiled and shaken her head and replied that wealth and power and ambition were better.

"Love.—FRANK."

The sea beating against the rocks seemed to din those two words into her ears, reminding her that all the time she had, perhaps peevishly and in the solitude of her own room, cried aloud to be loved, she had been loved—with a love that time had proved to be strong and worthy. Had she been very blind, she asked herself, not to have realised the value of this love her husband had offered her again and again, or did she herself lack some necessary quality? Was she one of those weak characters incapable of receiving—or, worst of all, incapable of giving love?

No! No!—she told herself fiercely; that could not be so—and yet what other solution was there? She laughed aloud as she hurried along with her swiftly-moving thoughts down the steep cliff side, where the wild roses stretched their arms across her path and the yellow honeysuckle, dropping from the bramble bushes, brushed her face as she passed.

The sun was nearly in the western horizon, a deliciously cool breeze blew landward, and the scent of the salt sea mingled curiously with the wild flowers that grew in wild profusion right down to the water's edge. Some distance out from the sands brown crab boats bobbed in the blue sea, and still further out the sails of the trawlers rose red against the blue sky. The gulls were sailing idly close to the sea shore, a few lobbing lazily overhead. Here and there on the top of the cliffs a rabbit peered down curiously, a blackbird fluttered noisily in the under-wood, whilst overhead the swallows chased and in the honeysuckle bushes the bees droned lazily.

Every living thing seemed imbued with peace and love; even the inanimate things seemed to exude the gentle passion, and Grace Willoughby felt that she struck the only inharmonious note—there was no love in her heart, no peace in her breast.

She pulled herself up short in her hurried walk, and stood with her hands folded behind her back staring out to sea.

"I am incapable of loving," she repeated to herself over and over again, with a kind of fierce jealousy. "I don't know how to love, I can't love, that's why my life has been a failure—and she, she professed to despise love! She knows the secret that has been given to every woman in the world but me. Why am I different from every other woman?" she cried, stretching out her arms towards the rosy west. "I, to whom love is life, have been given everything but the one thing I desire. If I had only known the way, I might have loved him. Now—it's too late."

For a long time she stood there motionless, her eyes fixed seaward, trying to solve the problem fate had suddenly presented her, and yet afraid to grapple with it. She was afraid to think of what might have happened during the weeks she lay hidden at the little cottage at Start lighthouse. She tried to persuade herself it was all a hideous dream, but the gaunt, grey building silhouetted against the grey sky told her it was no dream. Besides, she herself had tempted fate; that day of the storm she had felt that life wasn't worth living, a quite unreasoning dread of her husband's approaching visit had seized her, and she had wandered miserably to Sanctuary Bay, all sorts of mad ideas flitting through her head. And when the storm broke and the lightning flashed she had callously wished they might strike her, and so put an end to the life that gave no joy to herself nor to her husband. That was why she had insisted upon bathing in the whirling, mad sea, that was why she had swum blindly out into the waste of waters, seeking death, when he refused to come to her.

And it had been in vain. She had sought to place the

full stop in her book of life; instead, she found written there a note of interrogation. That note of interrogation stared at her accusingly, until her soul was filled with terror. If Dorothy Blessington had accepted the chance fate threw in her way—and in her heart Grace Willoughby knew she had—how could she blame her, what could she say to her? Perhaps, she told herself miserably, it was her duty to go away, to go far away where she would never be heard of—to leave the man, whose love she had despised, to marry the woman whose love he had evidently awakened.

And yet—was she at last learning to love too late?

A queer, almost delicious thrill of jealousy shot through her body as she thought of Dorothy Blessington taking her place at her husband's side—Dorothy Blessington outwardly her very self, only—and her jealousy rapped sharply—more beautiful, just possessing that something her own features and her own figure lacked—that something, too, in her voice and in the way her eyes looked at one that was so attractive.

Grace Willoughby found herself trembling. The blood was coursing hotly enough through her veins now. Her face was no longer white; she dropped it between her hands—it was burning.

The minutes crept away to hours, and the sun sank out of sight and a thin mist crept in from the sea, hiding the distant trawlers and the bobbing brown boats, hushing the whispering of the sea and the twittering of the birds. But Grace Willoughby still stood waiting, trying to decide.

She had found her husband alone. She knew now for certain—reason told her, as well as instinct—he hadn't remained at Rock Inn wifeless for three weeks. He had shown no surprise when he entered her room that morning at finding her there—only surprise at her apparent change of manner. Probably it was, as she had suspected, Dorothy had from her bedroom window seen her hiding in the lane, and sudden fear had driven her away. If that were so—

Grace Willoughby turned her eyes inland now. If that were so, then she was safe; there would be no need to confess anything to her husband, no need to say or do anything—only to learn to love him as—Dorothy Blessington had loved him, and keep the love he had given to her!

The love belonged to another woman; but she was his wife, she cried fiercely, and it was her own—hers to receive, hers to give, and she realized suddenly that at last she knew how to give it. The last three weeks had taught her, the other woman had taught her; these few silent hours of communion with nature had taught her. Death had refused to take her, death had done so with a purpose; she saw a purpose in everything now, and the sudden meeting with Dorothy Blessington and the strange, quick friendship and the exchange of identities for those weeks had all meant that she should learn to love her husband, that his love should be roused for her until she was no longer capable of resisting or refusing it.

Dorothy Blessington had gone—her mission had been fulfilled!

Grace Willoughby found herself laughing childishly as she turned and hurried homeward. Yes; the little inn was home now—home, the most dear, the most precious, for love sat there alone in the little oak hall waiting. Love, her child. The other woman had only laughed at him—she had only wanted wealth; well, Grace told herself, she should have wealth; she should have her gold, her jewels, if she wanted them, as long as she left her—love sitting in the hall!

It was almost dark when she reached Rock Inn, and instead of entering she hurried on to the village, and found she was just in time to send a telegram. The old post-mistress took it across the counter and read it slowly:

"Willoughby, Ritz Hotel, London. Don't worry about me, dearest. All right now. Return early to-morrow. Fond love.—GRACE."

She found herself positively blushing as the old lady spelt each word out. She waited in the shop until she heard the instrument begin to tick the message across the wires to London, then she hurried back to the inn and rang the bell for Mrs. Amery.

"I shall have to dine alone," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Willoughby won't return until to-morrow."

Mrs. Amery stared aghast at her. "Lor' bless my soul!" she stammered. "You gave me that shock my heart's going like a steam-engine. Your dinner's almost ready; I was just going to dish it up."

"Oh! thank you," Grace smiled. "Why did I give you a shock?"

"Well, my dear," panted Mrs. Amery, "no offence, but you were here and there and in and out like a toad on hot bricks, as the saying goes. Directly after tea you says you are going out for a walk, and then no sooner did I see you go out with my own eyes, and I goes to make your bed, than I finds you have crept in again, and lying down with the return of the headache."

Grace stared, and the colour began to ebb from her cheeks. "Returned—lying down!" she echoed.

"And then," continued the old lady, "when less than an hour ago I goes up to see how you are getting on and to persuade you to let me cook you a bit of dinner—and it was a bit of a tussle before you would consent, you know—why, you are up and out of the house and back again as fresh and rosy as a trout just out of the water. No wonder your poor husband is a bit scared, my dear; you shouldn't let yourself get so excited and get so worried like, you know; it isn't good for you. And now you be looking as white as a ghost again!"

"Yes—yes," Grace stammered, supporting herself by the table. "It's the—I walked rather quickly—I think I'll go up and lie down again."

"Then you don't want dinner?" The hostess of the Rock Inn was staring at her visitor a little nervously now.

"No; not at once," Grace whispered—"not for half an hour or so." She crept towards the door. "You say that I am upstairs lying down," she stammered, keeping her eyes hidden.

"Now do 'ee pull yourself together, there's a dear,"

cried Mrs. Amery kindly, but not without a trace of fear in her voice. "How could 'ee be upstairs lying down if you're here talking to me? Now, take my arm, and I'll help you up."

"No!" Grace cried, shrinking away. "No; don't come up. I can manage quite well by myself. Please don't come up."

"Well, as you wish," sighed the old lady, "as you wish. I've got a nice chicken on the boil for you; I'll go and put it back now."

Grace waited until Mrs. Amery had panted her way to the kitchen, then slowly and noiselessly she began to creep up the stairs, to creep along the passage like a thief until she reached her bedroom door. There she hesitated. Then, taking a deep breath, she turned the handle and entered. She knew what she would see, she knew perfectly well, for hadn't Mrs. Amery told her?

And so, when she looked at the great four-post bed and saw the little figure lying there so like herself—and yet—and yet possessing that subtle something, that perfect beauty that wasn't hers—she uttered no sound, gave no outward sign of surprise or fear, save that which showed in her eyes.

But Dorothy Blessington didn't hear anyone enter the room; she was asleep.

At last Grace spoke: "So you have returned."

There was no reply. With a sudden wild rush of jealousy, she bent over the bed and cried furiously:

"I suppose love brought you back—love stronger than shame!"

At that the little figure in the bed turned and sighed, stretched a pair of white arms above her head, and opened her eyes. For a second or two she gazed in horror at the face close to her own, at the reflection of herself—another self, the one that the sea had swept away weeks ago. Then with a piercing shriek she started up in bed, stretched out her hands, and clutched Grace Willoughby tightly by the arm.

Grace laughed harshly. "Don't be afraid," she hissed; "I'm no ghost, no spirit from the other world. I am Grace Willoughby—I am Frank Willoughby's wife." She hesitated a moment, then bent closer over the trembling figure.

"And you—who are you, and what are you doing here?"

CHAPTER XI.

"There are no days for me any more, for the Dawn is dark with tears,

There is no rest for me any more, for the night is thick with fears."

DOROTHY BLESSINGTON made no reply; she continued to stare at Grace Willoughby with a mixture of fear and amazement in her eyes, and she still clung tightly to her arm.

Loosening herself from the other's fierce grip, Grace walked quickly to the door, opened it, and looked up and down the passage, then carefully closed and locked it. Dorothy meanwhile watched her with big, frightened eyes. "Get up," Grace said roughly; "but move quietly lest they hear us below."

Dorothy rose from the bed; she was fully dressed, and had only removed her shoes before lying down; she walked slowly to the window, still keeping her eyes fixed on Grace, pulled down the blind, and drew the curtains, lit two candles on the dressing-table, and then sank into an old grandfather chair in the corner.

"Come closer," she whispered; "let me touch you again; let me make quite, quite sure that it's no dream, and that you are Grace Willoughby flesh and blood—the living, not the dead."

The other woman obeyed, again laughing harshly. "If it's only the dead that you fear," she whispered, "you needn't tremble so. Yes, look well at me, lay your hands on me; see, there's nothing spiritual about me, and, if you come closer, you will, perhaps, recognise some of your clothes! If I had come from another world to haunt you—as the dead are supposed to do in story-books—I should hardly have chosen your cast-off garments to appear in. But you see, as I'm only flesh and blood, I couldn't help myself. When the sea tired of me and threw me on to the rocks, I discovered that my clothes had gone, you had stolen them. That was clever of you!"

"How—how did you escape?" Dorothy whispered, after a long silence; "it seemed impossible that you could be saved. I—I did my best, I swam out after you, but I saw you sink and the treacherous current sweep you away."

"So you did try to save me," Grace replied, turning and walking up and down the room. "Yes, I believe you. But tell me," she cried quickly, "why have you stolen my place beside my husband? The thing you have done would make you abominable in the sight of every living creature."

"I have done nothing," Dorothy cried, covering her face with her hands.

"You call it nothing," Grace sneered, "creeping into the shoes of a dead woman ere she is dead! And, believing

her to be dead, to steal the only gift life has to offer to the departed one—memory. Oh, yes, I told you I had never loved my husband, I didn't know how to love him or accept his love. But he loved me, and that love you have stolen. But I know," she cried, pausing in her walk and bending over the trembling figure; "I know that it wasn't love that tempted you, your soul craved for—not for love!"

"You said you would gladly exchange lives with me," Dorothy whispered. "And I thought, in the madness of the moment, that you had been heard, and your desire, which was mine too, had been made possible."

Grace Willoughby laughed, heedless who might hear. "You thought I was willing to exchange everything with you, everything but death."

"You said it! You said it!"

"You lie," Grace cried, standing before her with her hands tightly clenched and flashing eyes. "No, you thought it all out, and when you saw the sea sweeping me away you were glad; oh! I know it. I can see you, I can see you hurrying up the beach, perhaps hesitating for a moment which life you would choose, your life or mine—for there both lay before you, wrapped up in our little bundle of clothes. If you put on your clothes, and with them your life again, you knew that it meant going back to the City you professed to hate, back to your lover who had only love to offer you. It meant working for your daily bread, and you disliked that, though you would have worked with the man who would have given you his heart. It meant sitting up in the evenings, cutting out and sewing the clothes you wore. That meant nothing to you because you didn't wear them to please him, but to satisfy your own vanity."

"Then you looked at my bundle of—life, and there you saw silk and rare laces and jewels, there you saw a life of luxury and ease; and, I daresay, you looked at yourself and said: 'He will never know the difference, and where the dead woman failed, I can succeed, for I am even more beautiful than she, and wiser, and with these toys to help me—'"

"Hush! Hush!" Dorothy sobbed; "it isn't true—I didn't think—I didn't know what I was doing then, I was too terrified."

"And then," continued Grace ruthlessly, "I can see you stooping down, picking up my clothes, perhaps chuckling to yourself. I can see your eyes gleaming at the touch of the silk and the glitter of the jewels. And then—well, I wonder what happened then? I suppose you crept back here, and pretended you were terrified by the storm, and knowing that my husband and I lived our lives apart, you found it quite easy to keep silent for a day or two and watch and learn."

She turned away, sank into a chair before the dressing-table, and stared for a moment at her own reflection in the mirror.

"I would rather God had made me hideous," Grace added under her breath, "I would rather I had been born misshapen and deformed than have been made—in your image—made like one so vile."

There was silence for a long while. Grace Willoughby, her arms resting on the dressing-table, her face supported by her hands, stared at her reflection viciously, as if she loathed what she saw. The window was open and the evening breeze idly flapped the blind to and fro with irritating monotonous persistency. Outside there was silence, even the sea whispered so quietly round the rocks that it couldn't be heard. The birds had all gone to sleep, and the cattle in the fields.

Presently there was a knock at the door; Dorothy started, looked at Grace; the latter didn't stir, neither woman spoke. Again there was a knock, louder than before; then the handle of the door turned, and, finding that the door was locked, the person outside hammered lustily. Dorothy started to her feet and shook Grace roughly by the shoulder.

"It's—it's he," she whispered.

Grace didn't move, her eyes remained fixed on the mirror, a queer smile parted her lips.

"My husband," she breathed quietly but triumphantly. Then she shook her head. "No, not yet, we two women are alone here to-night, quite alone; he doesn't return until to-morrow, and when he does return—" The hammering at the door obliterated her voice.

"What's the matter, what on earth's happened to 'ee?" cried Mrs. Amery's voice. "Do 'ee wake up, there's a dear. Is anything wrong?"

The smile on Grace Willoughby's lips deepened. "Is anything wrong?" she repeated. "Open the door, Dorothy; let her come in and see!"

"No, no! are you mad?" Dorothy cried under her breath.

Grace walked to the door.

"All right, Mrs. Amery," she said in a tired, bored voice; "I was fast asleep." She unlocked the door and opened it a few inches.

"Would you mind bringing up my dinner here? I feel so tired, I am going straight to bed."

Mrs. Amery wagged her head slowly. "Well, I never," she panted. "No, never in all my born days—of course, my dear, I'll bring it up, I'll run and fetch it at once, and a telegram's just come for you—I'll bring it up too. They don't really deliver telegrams at this hour, you know, but Mrs. Wills, her said as her knew it might be important, so her thought as her would send it down. Her's a good soul, is Mrs. Wills."

And Mrs. Amery gave a feeble imitation of running downstairs, and presently a feeble imitation of walking up with a heavy tray and the telegram.

But she wasn't allowed to enter the bedroom; for Mrs. Willoughby met her at the door, took the telegram from the tray, hid it in the bosom of her dress; then, taking the tray from Mrs. Amery, she wished the old lady good-night and shut the door in her face. And, ere Mrs. Amery had time to recover from her astonishment, she heard the key turn in the lock.

Grace put the tray down on the small table. "I don't suppose you are hungry," she said, looking at Dorothy. "I have been half-starved over there at the lighthouse." She lifted the cover off the dish and slowly

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helped herself. "I have only just realised how hungry I am, but we can share, you know."

"No thanks, I couldn't eat anything," Dorothy whispered.

"I hope you won't mind if I do."

For some time Dorothy Blessington watched her eat in silence; she was puzzled; she couldn't understand this sudden change to cold, cynical indifference.

"I thought that Mrs. Amery said there was a telegram," she whispered after a while.

Grace nodded as she put down her knife and fork and lay back in her chair.

"Yes, here it is." She took it from the bosom of her dress and smoothed the red envelope out.

Dorothy stretched out her hand as if to take it.

"Excuse me," Grace said, keeping tight hold of it. "But you see it's addressed to me—Mrs. Willoughby. I suppose you are a little uncertain as to who you really are," she laughed. "Most natural under the circumstances—but I am here to remind you now."

Dorothy said nothing. She waited an instant, then turned away and walked to the window, and, drawing back the blind, looked out. It was quite dark now; the last rays of light had disappeared; night had already dusted the heavens with silver, and away beyond the cliffs the moon was slowly rising through a bank of grey fog.

Grace quietly helped herself to Mrs. Amery's apple pudding and clotted cream from the great blue dish, and even while she ate she kept her eyes fixed on the other woman.

At length Dorothy turned from the window:

"Won't you open the telegram," she said almost pleadingly.

Grace shrugged her shoulders and tore the flap of the red envelope.

"It's only the acknowledgment, the receipt of mine," she said quietly, and her voice seemed to have grown a little sad; all anger had died away from it now.

"He telegraphed this afternoon to me—or was it to you? Perhaps now I had better say to us! When he came into my room this morning, I suppose the change of manner as well as the change of expression in his wife frightened him."

Taking the candle from the dressing-table, she held it above Dorothy's head and looked at her critically.

"We have both been ill, but you have been nursed—by him, and the colour has returned to your face and the light to your eyes. And then your voice—remember that I always said that it was a nicer voice than mine—perhaps he began to find in you what he had always hoped to find in me. And so this morning—well—you said you had been delirious; I suppose he thought a touch of the fever had returned, so he went post haste to Exeter and then to London, to consult a specialist about my health." Again she laughed. "No, I beg your pardon—about your health! The telegram he sent me was to say he wouldn't return until to-morrow, and a whim seized me to answer it."

She opened the thin scrap of paper and read the wire aloud:

"Thanks for your telegram. So relieved to get it. Shall be with you to-morrow midday—Frank."

Grace threw the telegram on the table and looked at Dorothy again. "You see his heart has grown tender under your influence. It's true, then—it's really true—that you love him!"

Dorothy bowed her head; words refused to come now; her face was scarlet. Grace sighed, and her fingers, clasped together, began to work convulsively.

"It's strange," she said dreamily, "but all the years we have been married, he has been trying so hard to love me—or, perhaps I should say, trying so hard to make me love him—and it has all been in vain, though my heart was hungering for love."

Still Dorothy said nothing, only kept her eyes fixed on Grace's face.

"Why do you stare like that," the latter whispered. "Why do you look so terrified? I tell you I am calm now; I see how it all happened; I'm sorry I returned as I did, without finding out—without any warning."

"It's wicked of life to have this jest on us—this cruel jest!" Dorothy cried.

"It will all come straight, dear," Grace said quietly.

"No, it will never come straight!" Dorothy replied.

Something in the tone of her voice, something in her expression made Grace Willoughby catch her breath.

"What do you mean?" she said unsteadily.

"I mean that I must go—your husband need never know. To-morrow he will return and find you still here, and he will love you as you want him to love you—because now, at last, you have learned to love him."

She rose and began hastily to put on her hat and jacket, but Grace ran to the door and placed herself before it:

"You won't go," she said, "until you have explained. Something has happened; tell me what it is!"

"No! Nothing has happened. Let me pass; I promise I will never—never see him again. I swear it!"

Grace Willoughby refused to move; she stood before the door, her arms stretched out.

"Even if he doesn't see you again," she cried quickly, "he will know what has happened, for one day I shall tell him. Yes, I shall tell him," she repeated as she saw the terror on Dorothy's face. "Before you go you must tell me all that has happened between you. Perhaps you have already told him who you are! And no one was to know the truth; you were going to leave here to-morrow, you were going far away where you were not known, going to be married—"

"No, that's not it," Dorothy sobbed. "I told him that you had been swept away by the storm, and that I was another woman, but he thought I spoke metaphorically—"

she hesitated.

"Yes, go on," Grace cried, holding her tightly.

"He thought I spoke metaphorically, and I hadn't the pluck—the strength to undeceive him. It only happened yesterday—I couldn't help it—I couldn't hide it. Love was there and he saw it. He told me how he loved me—and he made me tell him how I loved him!"

Her voice was choked by sobs; the words rattled helplessly in her throat.

"And that was why," she choked, "I ran away last night. Love had come—I had to run away!"

"But you came back!"

"Yes, I couldn't stop away," Dorothy moaned, sinking on her knees. "I loved him so much, I couldn't leave him!"

Grace Willoughby took the key from the lock and slipped it into the bosom of her dress.

"And so you have confessed everything," she repeated, bending over the prostrate figure; "you have confessed that you are—what I first said you were—a thief! You have stolen everything I possess in the world!"

"Tell me what to do," Dorothy moaned; "tell me, and I will do it!"

"You have got to pay for your theft," Grace laughed, "and pay in full!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

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"From my childhood," she said, "I had been troubled more or less with Eczema, and hoped it would disappear sooner or later. But a year or so ago I had a terribly severe attack. A doctor who was consulted said this attack was aggravated by a chill. White, watery pimples showed themselves on my face and hands, and these were so painful that I was always in misery. I did not care to be seen by friends, the eczema was so unsightly. My appetite fell away, and I could not sleep because of the pain and itching. I began to lose flesh. Styes formed about my eyes, and in the end I was so ill I had to stay at home. Lotions were prescribed, but after a time I became worse. My hands and arms were in a terrible state; in fact, whenever I put them in water the eczema became more angry. It appeared like a bladder on my skin, which peeled; and my finger nails came off. One day I happened to pick up a little booklet which contained particulars of cases

cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and among them read the case of a man who had been cured of Eczema of long standing. The details, in fact, seemed to fit my case. So I sent for half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I had taken the pills for a little while, I began to experience marked relief, with freedom from the pain and itching. The complaint died down, and very soon I was so much improved that I was able to resume my work again, after having been at home for six months. I continued to take the pills, and had not completed the sixth box when I was entirely cured. Now I am as healthy as I could wish. The eczema has disappeared, and my skin is without a blemish."

Mrs. Mortimore added: "No one seeing my daughter now would believe the terrible state she was in; a doctor said that he had never seen such a bad case of eczema before. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great boon to her. Everyone is astounded."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People not only make Good, Rich Blood; they fortify the Nerves and have repeatedly cured Anæmia, Indigestion, Palpitations, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Eczema, Nervous Disorders, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxy, and Effects of Overwork or Worry, also Ladies' Ailments. But only the genuine pills cure. Always see that the package bears the full name in seven words as above. Obtainable of all dealers, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn Viaduct, London, post free 2s. 9d. for one box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes. Substitutes do not cure and are worse than useless.



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THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

To Clarify Sugar.

Break the sugar into a copper pan, and to each pound allow two gills of water. Place on the fire and gradually allow it to boil. Carefully remove the scum as it rises, throw in an additional half pint of water to each pound, and allow it to boil again. Skim very thoroughly and strain through muslin. (Reply to LUTON READER.)

Scalloped Mutton.

Cut some breast of mutton into one-inch squares and place in a saucepan. Just cover the meat with stock, or water, add pepper, salt, and an onion and stew till the meat is tender. Pour into a basin and allow to get perfectly cold, then remove the fat. Line a pie-dish with short crust, place the pieces of meat in it after flouring thickly, add a little thick gravy, pepper and salt. Scatter fine breadcrumbs over and bake till the pastry is done.

Deviled Cheese

Is a savoury supper dish, which the men of my household appreciate. Slice some cheese into a stewpan (two or three kinds if possible) add a small pat of butter, or a tablespoonful of cream, regulating the butter according to the consistency of the mixture. Add salt, cayenne, and mixed mustard with some finely chopped chutney and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. Have strips of buttered toast two inches wide, put the cheese on these, and serve very hot.

Spring Chicken

Invites special attention just now, and should only be cooked in one way, if to be served in perfect condition. Carefully divide the bird down the middle after cleaning it, brush over both sides of the spatchcock with best salad oil, seasoning it with pepper and salt. Now grill over a very clear fire, turning it constantly, but never by putting a fork into the flesh. A quarter of an hour will be sufficient time to cook this dainty morsel, and serve with fresh spring watercress.

Semolina and Rhubarb Pudding.

The necessary ingredients for this excellent pudding are one and a half pounds of rhubarb, two ounces of sugar, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of semolina, one egg, a little lemon peel, and half an ounce of butter. Steam the rhubarb with the sugar and lemon peel, without any water, in a pudding basin with a saucer over it. Let the milk get hot and shake the semolina into it. Let this cook for twenty minutes, stir in the butter and a little sugar. When nearly cold, beat up the egg and add lightly to the semolina. Put the rhubarb into a deep pie-dish, pour the semolina over, and bake slowly till the egg is set. Serve hot.

Tidying Up.

The average woman commences to "tidy up" as soon as the rest of the household have departed either for business or school, and she usually becomes so absorbed in her occupation that, being alone, she will not trouble to prepare a light luncheon for herself, but simply goes on straightening things out until it is time to get the meals ready for the home-coming of the family. She tells herself she can wait and have her dinner with the others, and naturally is too "done up" to enjoy it. Probably the busy wife would be astonished to know how much she ill-treats herself by neglecting to take some form of light nourishment during the day. Something that is appetising and palatable is necessary, and according to Sir Francis Laking, the King's physician, and other eminent authorities on food, Currant Bread answers the purpose exactly. It is a perfect food, inexpensive, light, digestible, and contains all the elements which sustain and nourish the human body. Analysis has proved that the currant is rich in the valuable grape sugar and albuminous matter, and it imparts to the bread a relish which makes it just the very thing for the housewife to eat at odd moments, and thus enable her to go through the long intervals between her regular meals without exhaustion.

There's more to tell you about currants. Hardly anything you eat or drink contains so much real food. Eaten either raw or cooked in puddings, cakes, or bread, currants are satisfying and beneficial. They are cheapness itself, because they are nearly all nourishment ready for use. The physician in ordinary to the King says that currant bread is one of the best things we can eat. It is delicious and satisfying, and an agreeable addition to any meal. Most leading bakers supply both White and Hovis Currant bread.

A PRETTY COTTON SKIRT.

FLOWERED materials are very popular this season, and the shops are showing really charming muslins for threepence or fourpence the yard. So it goes without saying that every lady who can possibly manage the modest outlay of a few shillings necessary for the skirt here shown will make it for herself, with the help of the paper pattern to be procured from these offices. Ten-a-half yards may at first give you the impression that rather much material is necessary, but when it is remembered that cotton goods are only thirty inches in width and that absolutely no trimming is required, one must confess that the charming effect shown by our artist is gained at very little expense.

The pattern consists of a very narrow front breadth, one side and one back piece, also of a piece showing half the length the flounces will each need to be. These flounces are each four and a half inches wide, including the double heading which forms so pretty a finish.

A foundation is also included in the pattern, and you will need three and a half yards of thirty-six inch saten for this. It consists of a front and one side piece, the latter fitted at the waist by means of one dart. A pretty idea is to choose foundation material of the same colour as the flower on the muslin, so heightening the effect. And if you take pains to secure a reversible design (with some flowers pointing one way and some another) that will be an economy, as you can then reverse your pattern when placing it upon the material previous to cutting out.



No. 16322. Paper pattern, 6d., from the Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

In some parts of Germany the girls have a pretty custom in which the queen of flowers plays a part. If a girl has several suitors, and wishes to know which of them would be true to her, she takes rose petals and drops them into a bowl of water, giving each the name of one of her admirers. The leaf that remains floating longest represents the man whose faithfulness she may rely on, and whom she would therefore do well to choose.

WOMEN STATIONMASTERS.

THE Lake Erie and Western Railway Company, in America, took the step, some time ago, of placing a woman in charge of one of the village stations on their line. The experiment has proved such a success that the company has decided to appoint other women to similar positions.

One result of a woman's rule is shown by the spotless floors and benches of the waiting-rooms, and general improvement in neatness. The village maidens, it is said, now regard the waiting-room as such a pleasant place that instead of grumbling when they miss their trains they sit and sew peacefully, and chat with their friends.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

AMONG the agricultural labourers in Suffolk neither father nor mother of the bride and bridegroom come with them to church. The bridesmaid and groomsmen should be an engaged couple whose marriage is fixed. If the wedding party does not count even, one of the guests will die within a year.

The wedding party should not be in church when the clock is striking, and the bride should not enter first in her own house after the marriage. It is unlucky to address the bride after the ceremony by her maiden name.

In Moore's "Life of Byron," we are told that on the morning of his ill-starred marriage, when about to depart, Byron said to the bride: "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?" a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a bad omen.

A JAPANESE WOOING.

THIS charming story of how courtships are carried on among the *flits* of the society of the Land of the Rising Sun has not been confirmed by travellers, yet it is pretty enough to be true.

In certain districts in houses wherein reside one or more daughters of a marriageable age an empty flowerpot of an ornamental character is encircled by a string and hung from the window or verandah by three chains. The Juliets of Japan are, of course, attractive, and the Romeos as anxious as those of other lands. But instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression, it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly, but let us hope reverently, proceeds to plant in the empty vase.

This takes place when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, neither of whom, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flowerpot outside their window. This act of placing a pretty plant in the empty flowerpot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells therein.

The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man she takes every care of his gift, waters it, and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not a favourite, or if the stern parents object, the plant is torn from the vase, and the next morning lies limp and withered on the verandah or on the path below.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

If Picture and Mirror Frames

Are brushed over with laurel oil, flies will not touch them.

If Roasted Potatoes

Are burst open with a fork, they will be found much lighter and more digestible than if cut with a knife.

Waterproofing for Brown Boots.

Can be made by mixing a little mutton suet and beeswax together. Rub this on the soles of the boots and lightly over the edges where the stitches are. (Reply to READER.)

A Cake Hint.

Too hot an oven will ruin the best made cake as quickly as too cold an oven, however much trouble has been taken. The oven door should not be open much when baking cakes or pastry, as steady heat is most necessary for success.

A Spring Hair Lotion

Is made with one ounce of tincture of cantharides, one ounce of olive oil, and one of rosemary. Shake these ingredients together. Apply this lotion to the roots of the hair at night once or twice a week. (Reply to WARREN COTTAGE.)

Eat Enough Salt.

Many of us forget that salt is as necessary for our constitutions as sugar is to the palate. Salt should be used regularly as an article of diet, for although it is put into our food, a large enough quantity is not obtained in this way to supply all that is necessary.

An Invisible Cement

Is very useful in a household; it is made by boiling isinglass in spirits of wine. This produces quite a transparent cement, which renders the join almost imperceptible. When the cement is being prepared use a gallipot stood in a pan of fast boiling water.

Care of Table Linen.

Table linen, to look well, should always be sprinkled and rolled up for ten minutes before it is ironed. If good linen, it will not need any starch. A cloth, to look well, should not be folded into too many creases. When dry always roll the table cloths, but never fold.

Caged Birds

Are frequently troubled as you describe, and the insects in their eyes are not only very irritating, but give the eyes a sore and unsightly appearance. It will be found that the hanging of a small bag of sulphur in the cage will prevent these insects worrying the birds and also benefit their health in other ways. If you keep the cage most scrupulously cleaned you should have no more trouble with your pet. (Reply to TOM.)

Cookery for Vegetarians.

Many people have adopted the principles of vegetarianism, for the sake of health and for other reasons; but there has hitherto been an enormous difficulty in obtaining good recipes for fleshless meals. This drawback has now, however, been removed by the publication of an admirably written handbook entitled "Vegetarian Cookery." It shows how nutritious dishes may be easily and cheaply made from vegetable products. Soups, entrées, liaisons, sauces, salads, and other vegetarian dainties are exhaustively treated, and the book will be of inestimable service to every cook, whether vegetarian or not. "Vegetarian Cookery" costs one shilling at all booksellers' and railway bookstalls; or post free for 1s. 2d. from G. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Are you Going to the Seaside for Your Summer Holiday?

If you do, of course you will go in for bathing. Now in HOME NOTES this week, that useful paper for ladies, is a very interesting article giving practical rules for sea-bathing, viz., the best time for bathing, how long one should remain in the sea, and the effects of sea-bathing. There are also many useful notes on Health and Beauty, telling what to do in cases of diphtheria, a remedy for faintness, and a good lotion for pimples is given in this number. The paper pattern of a becoming and useful cycling costume for a girl of from fourteen to sixteen years of age, given gratis with this number, will meet with the approval of all readers who have young daughters who cycle. Price one penny. Published on Friday.

THE BATH TOWEL CRAZE.

THE new physical culture craze, about what has been called the "bath towel theory," will most assuredly end in trouble for its over-enthusiastic devotees. Cleanliness is, of course, the foundation of skin-health, but too much washing stops natural oil baths, while rubbing too roughly or too often destroys tissue more quickly than Nature can replace it.

But the systems which have been evolved from this new theory are built upon a great and important truth—that the skin is the organ of the body which needs most care.

That skin-health is absolutely essential to bodily health is an indisputable fact. Health means the power to resist disease, and if the most exposed part of your body—the skin—is unhealthy, you are like a defenceless fort—a citadel without walls or outworks.

One of the most valuable aids in the maintenance of real skin-health is Zam-buk, the unique balm, which, after lengthy experimentation by skilled dermatologists, was perfected and placed upon the market at the beginning of this century. Zam-buk is a combination (never previously secured) of the healing gums, saps, and juices obtained from plants and herbs. These rich products are carefully collected from the medicinal vegetation of various countries, wonderfully refined, cleverly concentrated, and combined with consummate skill.

Ordinary ointments, creams, and lotions invariably contain either animal fat or mineral poisons in some form. If they are powerful, they are anything but pure; and if they are tolerably pure, it is just as certain that they lack power, because the skin will not absorb them. Zam-buk, on the other hand, is both pure and powerful, containing neither coarse fats nor harmful drugs. It soothes instead of irritates, sinks deep into the tissues instead of clogging up the pores, and restores all the tiny parts of the intricate skin-machinery to health by scientific action. Zam-buk works hand in hand with Nature, as befits its natural origin. Whether the trouble is a simple pimple—common in the treacherous springtime—or a mass of ugly sores, thorough dressings with Zam-buk have an almost instantaneous cleansing effect. Zam-buk kills germs, expels disease even from the innermost recesses of the tissue—where its refinement and purity enable it to penetrate—soothes pain, reduces inflammation, and absolutely ends irritation.

Finally, Zam-buk helps to build new flesh where disease has destroyed it, and covers the once raw or broken surface with new, soft skin. Thus the whole tissue is made sound and strong, and the skin free from blemish, scar, or irritability, and able both to keep itself and the body healthy.

COUNTRY LIFE IN SPRING.

MOST of us have an idea that to live in the country, away from the unhealthy atmosphere of our large cities, means to be free from most of the misfortunes which "town flesh" is heir to. But even robust country health is sometimes disturbed by unaccountable outbreaks of strange skin-sickness, especially at a change of season like the present. Neglected spring spots or pimples may develop into serious disease, and it is fortunate that Zam-buk is invariably able to restore skin-health, even though its destruction was mysterious.

Mr. J. Blow, who superintends the working of Youngwood Farm, Bardney, Lincoln, said to a "Lincolnshire Echo" reporter: "My right leg and left thigh broke out in a rash like little red spots. I hadn't the least idea what caused them. They irritated me until I could have scratched myself to pieces. My thigh then became one mass of pimples, and if the head of one got knocked off, the discharge was just like water. The sores were as bright as fire, and very inflamed. I could not sleep at nights for the heat and irritation, and, although I was worse when I got warm in bed, it was a punishment to walk about in the daytime."

"I tried medicine from a herbalist, but it did me no good. Then I got some lotion from the druggist, but that made me worse than ever. I was just going to see a doctor, when my wife got some Zam-buk, and I dressed my leg with it. I felt relief almost immediately. Zam-buk took the inflammation away, and cooled the leg. The sores gradually died away, and before I had finished the second box of Zam-buk my skin was as clear as ever it was. I have had no return of the complaint." Every home needs a supply of this pure balm.

HINTS ABOUT HOME HURTS.

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated families, and the necessity of keeping a reliable first aid for home use cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

Where a box of Zam-buk is kept on a handy shelf, no member of the family is at a loss in emergency. The breadwinner dresses his injury with Zam-buk, and knows that its powerful antiseptic action will clean out the wound, preventing suppuration or poisoning. The housewife flies to the useful little box for her bruises, cuts, and burns, and the little ones cry out for Zam-buk when they fall, because they know it will soothe smarting pain and heal quickly. Zam-buk is a pure healing balm made from rich medicinal herbs, the saps and juices of which are cleverly combined and concentrated, and wonderfully refined. Many modern preparations contain quantities of animal fat and mineral

poisons, and are not only coarse, irritating, and unreliable, but tend to create the very complication which should be guarded against.

The Zam-buk way is both different and superior. This natural healing balm takes out the smart and soothes the pain, reduces inflammation, and induces a clean and rapid healing right away. It kills microbes, nullifies the effects of dirt or poisonous substances, and finally helps Nature to build up new tissue to replace that which has been damaged or destroyed. Simple injuries are liable to fester and breed disease germs if not properly cared for. Many cases of chronic eczema or ulceration are traceable to neglected cuts or small abrasions; and blood-poisoning, which endangers both life and limb, very frequently develops from the most trivial scratch. Prompt use of Zam-buk after an accident averts these dangers. Keep a box handy!

Mrs. C. Carter, of 25 Church Road, Tottenham, writes: "One morning, while getting ready for school, my little girl scalded her arm, from the elbow to the wrist. It was a terrible scald, and the skin was blistered to such an extent that I quite expected them to burst and leave her with a very bad arm. However, I applied Zam-buk lightly for a few days, and the arm healed up beautifully. The blisters did not break, and the new skin grown by Zam-buk was beautifully soft and clear. It is impossible to tell that the arm has been scalded."

Mrs. C. Mason, of 47 North Row, Roose, Barrow-in-Furness, says: "I had the misfortune to scald my hand while cooking. For weeks the place obstinately refused to heal, and kept on festering. Hearing about Zam-buk I resolved to try it. Through using Zam-buk my hand commenced to heal rapidly, and was better within a week."

Mrs. W. Bright, of Fyfe Place, Johnstone, N.B., writes: "A little while ago I got my finger poisoned by pricking it with a needle. I tried a few old-fashioned remedies, but they all failed to rid me of the trouble. Then I tried Zam-buk, and it both cleaned the place thoroughly and healed it quickly. Zam-buk is well worth having in the house in case of need."

A SPRING OFFERING.

ALL our readers are invited to share in our great Spring offering. The gift, which is a dainty sample box of Zam-buk, Nature's skin-cure and healer, is one that will prove of inestimable value to every home. Make your application now to the Zam-buk co., 15 Greek-street, Leeds. Please enclose with your letter a penny stamp (to pay return postage), and also mention *Pearson's Weekly*, May 10th, 1906. The sample box will convince you of the marvellous healing, soothing, and antiseptic powers of this pure balm.

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A Scottish whose little was shrinking,
Remarked to his wife "I've been thinking,
"If you'll use SAPON Soap
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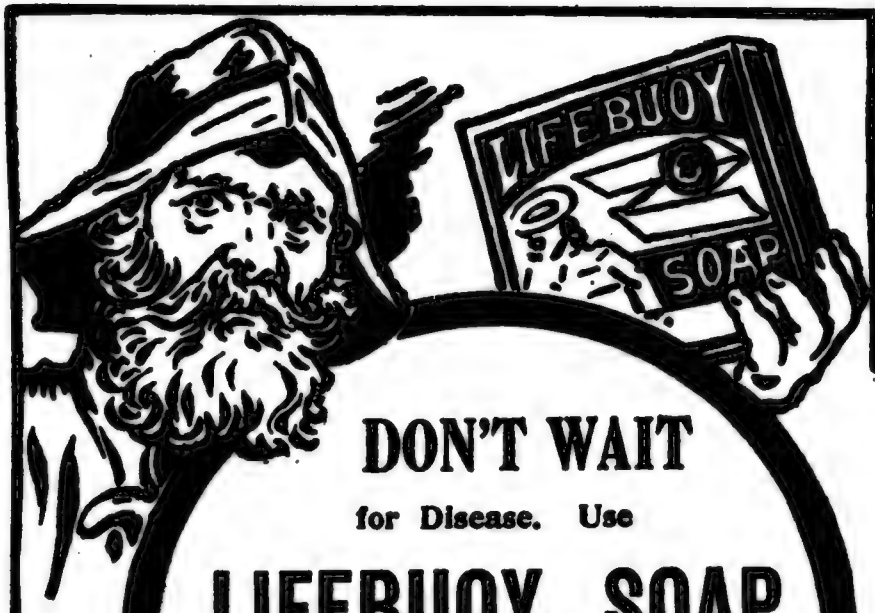
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Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lane., and
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The Pencil-Case Mine.



You will find on another page of this paper the first article which I have received from Mr. P. Double-you in his quest of laurels in Athens. As I feared, he would not adhere to the original plans made for him, and instead of taking his place with the British team and going straight to Athens, he dodged off by himself four days earlier and called at Venice on his way. During his stay there he endeavoured to learn how to manipulate a gondola, with startling results. His next contribution—which I hope will arrive in time for me to publish next week—will deal with his efforts on the cinder path. I see by this morning's paper that he has won his preliminary heat in the 100 metres race.

Our boy and girl readers will remember that Mr. Notebook suggested a novel way of spending the Easter Holidays, and offered a prize of a guinea to the young readers who sent him the best account of their experiences. Of the large number sent in, the one selected was that submitted by Miss Gladys Bovill, 106, Hainault Road, Leytonstone. Mr. Notebook did not make this selection because the writer was a lady, but because her account was certainly the best of those received. Briefly, this young lady, together with her companions, obeyed Mr. Notebook's instructions to the letter, and called at a big private house, where they met with the greatest kindness at the hands of the owner. He showed them his curios, took them for a row on his lake, and his wife invited them to stop to lunch. Altogether, they had a capital time, and benefited greatly by the excursion.

A SMART reader has caught me out—or thinks he has. He says: "Please don't try to stuff us competitors in your big Prize Competition that you are going to get the figures before the end of April. I had an addition to my family on March 23rd, and, according to my book, I am not bound to register the birth until May 3rd. Therefore, I am hoping to get the result of your competition about July 1st next."

This is very smart reasoning, but if my good friend will read the conditions of the competition again he will see that the figures required were not those of the number of births which occurred during the first three months of this year, but of the number of births registered. Therefore, his baby will not have the honour of being included in the Registrar-General's figures for the first quarter of 1906.

MOZARTUS tells me of the peculiar behaviour of a clock which hangs in his drawing-room. It is a wall clock, and, in the ordinary way, strikes the quarters, halves, three-quarters, and hours. But whenever anyone is playing the piano at the time when it is expected to strike, it doesn't do so. He asks me if there is any reason for this.

Of course, with the meagre information which you give me, the thing sounds like a phenomenon. There may, however, be very good reasons. Until I know more about the circumstances, it is quite impossible to elucidate the matter. Meanwhile, perhaps other readers have at some time had similar experiences, and would like to tell me about them.

ARCHIE, who for reasons which he declares must be self-evident, desires that his real name and address shall not be published, has been married six months. He suggests that "it would lead to the comfort and happiness of many young husbands if girls could be induced to take cookery lessons before they got married." There is something eloquent in your delicate suggestion, ARCHIE, which speaks volumes. However, don't be downhearted; you can't get everything in this world. The love of a wife is a precious thing, and cures for dyspepsia are comparatively cheap.

RESULT OF THE "FAME" COMPETITION.

The following competitors have sent in what the editor considers the best answers. A pencil-case has been sent to each.

Chas. Hammond, Coanwood, Carlisle; D. Abbot, Police Station, Southwick, Sunderland; W. H. Guirson, Bank, Brecon; C. W. Cundy, 27 Stratford Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham; J. Temple, 2 Newcomer Street, Redcar; J. Martin, "Hillcrest," Carbis Bay, Cornwall; J. L. Walker, c/o Mrs. Hunter, 8 Dellington Street (Top), Greenock; J. E. Baker, East Lodge, Newton Hall, Stockfield-on-Tyne; G. Ridley, 69 Winchester Street, South Shields; J. Sewell, Fringington, Cumberland; C. Post, Hanover Road, Canterbury; J. Carter, No. 11 Ward, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.; H. Mould, 125 Walworth Road, S.E.; G. Langley, 21 Amiesbury Road, Bickley, Kent; K. Tracy, Aldermaston, Reading; C. Wilton, 4 Dunster Gardens, Buckley Road, Kilburn, N.W.; C. Smith, Station Road, Ecclesfield, Sheffield; Geo. Senior, 26 Silverfield Road, Harrogate; J. Stafford, 60A Heyvale, Shaw, Oldham; J. E. Sheogh, Postman, Leobridge; W. Bentley, 30 Church Road, Bolton; E. McLeish, 31 Great Victoria Street, Belfast; A. B. Jackson, 22 Easton Road, East Dulwich; P. McCartney, 21 Globe Street, Glasgow; F. Armstrong, 23 Rosebery Terrace, Consett, Durham.

F. L.—If your invention is all that you claim it to be, it ought to mean a good thing for you. Write to the Editor of *Smith's Weekly*, who retains the services of an inventions expert, who will be able to give you full information as to how to go to work to protect your idea.

A. A. (Worcester) sends me the following: Last Saturday at a football match a man was perched on the top of a low building. His remarks to the referee were often, and pointed, to the disgust of the spectators who were near him. At last one man could stand his noise no longer, so shouted out, "For goodness sake, be quiet. If you fall off you'll get mixed." Nobody saw the point of the joke for a few moments, until they looked over into the inclosure into which he would have fallen, and saw some little pigs running about.

C. P. suggests that "smoking and football, the twin evils of the age, should be stopped by Act of Parliament."—I am afraid you won't get many people to agree with you, C. P.; but, even supposing you could, you must not forget that Parliament has no right to make unpopular laws, however good such laws might seem. The House of Commons is supposed to represent the people, and to carry out the people's wishes, and, with the present popularity of football, and the enormous trade in tobacco, it is clear that the Government that tried to pass such an Act would not be doing its duty to the people.

W. F. C. has been greatly troubled with the stud-holes of his shirts, which become ragged and enlarged, so that the studs slip through. He has discovered a remedy: "Take a piece of cardboard, about 1 in. by 1 in., round off the edges, cut a small slit in it, slip the stud through, and proceed with your toilet as usual. Result: comfort, and a certainty that your collar will remain in its proper position."

Thanks, W. F. C.; but this method is not altogether unknown to the journalistic world. It has been long regarded as a time-honoured expedient of true genius among men of letters.

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(See page 789.)

A CLOSE FRIEND.

THIS clever puzzle—

A friend to all the human race,
From emperor to peasant,
None is more missed when out of place,
More handy, too, when present.

Obedient to the general will
I yield to due control;
And yet the public twist me, till
They put me in a hole!

is solved by a button.

ALPHA BETA.

THE two English words, which have the first six letters of the Alphabet among their ten letters are *fabricated* and *disfranchised*.

FIGURE IT OUT.

TURN the 600 upside down, so as to form 900, and a third of this is 300.

THE ENIGMA.

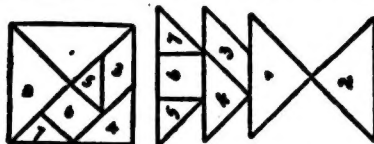
THIS is of fellowship the token;
Reverse it and the bond is broken—
is solved by *United, untied*. The central *d* is reversed.

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THIS is splendidly solved by *washerwoman*. *Woman* is the end, *was* the beginning, and you find *her* in the midst!

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THE following diagram gives the divisions of the original square, and the way in which the quaint figure is built up.



THE WILY WAYFARER.

THIS sharp customer started with *fivepence farthing*, and gradually extracted from the landlord's pocket a shilling and three farthings towards the eighteen-pence which he spent in refreshments.

NEARLY £10,000 ALREADY PAID.

**£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY } INSURANCE.
£100 CYCLING }**

490 Claims already paid, including two of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 26 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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The Pencil-Case Mine.



You will find on another page of this paper the first article which I have received from Mr. P. Double-You in his quest of laurels in Athens. As I feared, he would not adhere to the original plans made for him, and instead of taking his place with the British team and going straight to Athens, he dodged off by himself four days earlier and called at Venice on his way. During his stay there he endeavoured to learn how to manipulate a gondola, with startling results. His next contribution—which I hope will arrive in time for me to publish next week—will deal with his efforts on the cinder path. I see by this morning's paper that he has won his preliminary heat in the 100 metres race.

OUR boy and girl readers will remember that Mr. Notebook suggested a novel way of spending the Easter Holidays, and offered a prize of a guinea to the young readers who sent him the best account of their experiences. Of the large number sent in, the one selected was that submitted by Miss Gladys Bovill, 106, Hainault Road, Leytonstone. Mr. Notebook did not make this selection because the writer was a lady, but because her account was certainly the best of those received. Briefly, this young lady, together with her companions, obeyed Mr. Notebook's instructions to the letter, and called at a big private house, where they met with the greatest kindness at the hands of the owner. He showed them his curios, took them for a row on his lake, and his wife invited them to stop to lunch. Altogether, they had a capital time, and benefited greatly by the excursion.

A SMART reader has caught me out—or thinks he has. He says: "Please don't try to stuff us competitors in your big Prize Competition that you are going to get the figures before the end of April. I had an addition to my family on March 23rd, and, according to my book, I am not bound to register the birth until May 3rd. Therefore, I am hoping to get the result of your competition about July 1st next."

This is very smart reasoning, but if my good friend will read the conditions of the competition again he will see that the figures required were not those of the number of births which occurred during the first three months of this year, but of the number of births registered. Therefore, his baby will not have the honour of being included in the Registrar-General's figures for the first quarter of 1906.

MOZARTUS tells me of the peculiar behaviour of a clock which hangs in his drawing-room. It is a wall clock, and, in the ordinary way, strikes the quarters, halves, three-quarters, and hours. But whenever anyone is playing the piano at the time when it is expected to strike, it doesn't do so. He asks me if there is any reason for this.

Of course, with the meagre information which you give me, the thing sounds like a phenomenon. There may, however, be very good reasons. Until I know more about the circumstances, it is quite impossible to elucidate the matter. Meanwhile, perhaps other readers have at some time had similar experiences, and would like to tell me about them.

ANCHIE, who for reasons which he declares must be self-evident, desires that his real name and address shall not be published, has been married six months. He suggests that "it would lead to the comfort and happiness of many young husbands if girls could be induced to take cookery lessons before they got married."—There is something eloquent in your delicate suggestion, ANCHIE, which speaks volumes. However, don't be down-hearted; you can't get everything in this world. The love of a wife is a precious thing, and cures for dyspepsia are comparatively cheap.

RESULT OF THE "FAME" COMPETITION.

THE following competitors have sent in what the editor considers the best answers. A pencil-case has been sent to each.

Chas. Hammond, Coanwood, Carlisle; D. Abbot, Police Station, Southwick, Sunderland; W. H. Guirson, Bank, Brecon; C. W. Cundy, 37 Stratford Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham; J. Temple, 3 Newcomer Street, Redcar; J. Martin, "Hillcrest," Carbis Bay, Cornwall; J. L. Walker, c/o Mrs. Hunter, 9 Dellington Street (Top), Greenock; J. H. Baker, East Lodge, Newton Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne; G. Ridley, 69 Winchester Street, South Shields; J. Sewell, Frisington, Cumberland; C. Post, Hanover Road, Canterbury; J. Carter, No. 11 Ward, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.; H. Mould, 155 Walworth Road, S.E.; G. Langley, 21 Amesbury Road, Bickley, Kent; K. Tracy, Aldermaston, Reading; O. Wilton, 4 Dunster Gardens, Buckley Road, Kilburn, N.W.; C. Smith, Station Road, Ecclesfield, Sheffield; Geo. Senior, 26 Silverfield Road, Harrogate; J. Stafford, 60A Heyaside, Shaw, Oldham; J. B. Skeogh, Postman, Lockerbie; W. Bentley, 30 Church Road, Bolton; R. McLeish, 91 Great Victoria Street, Belfast; A. E. Jackson, 33 Keston Road, East Dulwich; P. McCartney, 91 Glebe Street, Glasgow; F. Armstrong, 33 Rosebery Terrace, Consett, Durham.

F. L.—If your invention is all that you claim it to be, it ought to mean a good thing for you. Write to the Editor of *Smith's Weekly*, who retains the services of an inventions expert, who will be able to give you full information as to how to go to work to protect your idea.

A. A. (Worcester) sends me the following: Last Saturday at a football match a man was perched on the top of a low building. His remarks to the referee were often, and pointed, to the disgust of the spectators who were near him. At last one man could stand his noise no longer, so shouted out, "For goodness sake, be quiet. If you fall off you'll get mixed." Nobody saw the point of the joke for a few moments, until they looked over into the inclosure into which he would have fallen, and saw some little pigs running about.

C. P. suggests that "smoking and football, the twin evils of the age, should be stopped by Act of Parliament."—I am afraid you won't get many people to agree with you, C. P.; but, even supposing you could, you must not forget that Parliament has no right to make unpopular laws, however good such laws might seem. The House of Commons is supposed to represent the people, and to carry out the people's wishes, and, with the present popularity of football, and the enormous trade in tobacco, it is clear that the Government that tried to pass such an Act would not be doing its duty to the people.

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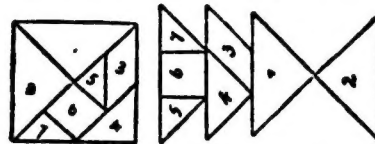
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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

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Address
State Pendant, Pin, Brooch, or Bangle Charm
Colour of Hair, dark or light
Complexion, pale or ruddy
Colour of Eyes 56.

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C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd.,

17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

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That is why Nothing can be any Good for EXCEPT

HAIR ^{which is} FALLING OUT ^{or} CAPSULOIDS PREMATURELY GREY



because the Harmful Germs which injure the Hair can only be gotten at through the Blood, and the only Remedy which can reach them through the Blood is Capsuloids. It is utterly useless to rub stuff on the scalp, because it cannot get down to these germs. CAPSULOIDS contain nothing which can in any way injure the stomach or any other part of the body.

Hamilton House,
12a, Park Lane, W.
April 16th, 1906.

Gentlemen,—For some years my hair has been getting gradually thinner, and last year, when such an enormous strain was put upon me during my operations in "bloodless surgery," which caused world-wide criticism, I began to develop bald patches.

Someone who had tried Capsuloids recommended them to me, and most sceptically I took the advice. Rapidly the grey hairs disappeared and fresh hair commenced to grow on the bare places. It sounds very wonderful, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Capsuloids whilst improving the hair, tend materially to improve the general health.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) ST. A. BARKER.

Look at this Picture of a Growing Hair Greatly Magnified, and learn how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well, and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of these growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its root. They rest upon the little blood vessels which carry the blood containing the red corpuscles from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in these growing cells and go on multiplying they will injure the cells, which causes the hair to loosen and fall out, or become prematurely grey. If these germs are not checked they will in time destroy the cells, and as the roots would then be dead, nothing could be done. You can only kill these germs by quickly making millions of new red blood corpuscles, and the only medicine which will make them, rapidly enough, is CAPSULOIDS. A look at this scientific picture will enable you to see that external treatment cannot possibly benefit the hair. Take two Capsuloids with each meal, three times daily.

Sold by all chemists everywhere at the reduced price of 2/6 per box, or sent by THE CAPSULOID CO. Ltd., 47 Holborn Viaduct (opposite City Temple), London, E.C.1. Special sample given when this coupon is enclosed, and three boxes are ordered from us; larger sample with six. Do not ask your chemist for sample, for he cannot supply it. Send for Free Hair Booklet and Copy of the "Lancet's" Analysis.

COUPON.
Pearson's Weekly
10



Oh! That Feeling
of Fulness
after Eating!

CAUSED BY
INDIGESTION
(with FLATULENCE)

CURED ONLY
BY
TABLONES

DO YOU FULLY DIGEST BREAD, POTATOES, BEANS AND OTHER STARCHY FOODS?
If you do not you have

with FLATULENCE, and probably CONSTIPATION, because undigested starchy food ferments, causing gases and THAT FEELING OF FULNESS AFTER EATING,

with Palpitation, Languor, Headaches, etc., and

A BURNING SPOT UNDER THE LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, as well as lack of Appetite, Weakness, and many of those distressing symptoms due to Indigestion.

TABLONES ALONE PERFECTLY DIGEST ALL THOSE STARCHY FOODS.

TABLONES ALSO PERFECTLY DIGEST ALL ALBUMINOUS FOODS.

TABLONES ALSO CAUSE THE LIVER TO ACT NATURALLY.

TABLONES IS THE ONLY PREPARATION WHICH DIGESTS EVERY KIND OF FOOD.

THEREFORE TABLONES IS THE ONLY CURE FOR EVERY KIND OF INDIGESTION.

Because in every case "THEY REMOVE THE CAUSE."

Take one or two with each meal. Tablones are put up only in neat aluminium boxes, price 2/6 large box and 1/1 small box. The large size box contains three times as many as small box.

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SEND FOR TABLONES BOOKLET.

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whose sterling qualities
indicate themselves time
after time upon analysis.
Its flavour is warmly appreci-
ated by able judges of stimu-
lants. Over Fifty Medals for
all-round excellence.

